

COUNTRY LIFE

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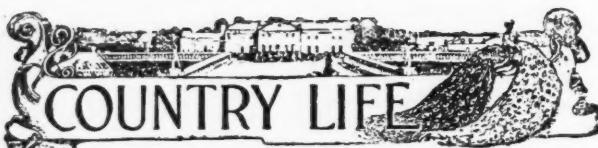
[PRICE SIXPENCE.
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MISS ALICE HUGHES.

LADY EVELYN INNES-KER

52, Gower Street,



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE BUTTER WE EAT.

IT has been assumed by many who have written and spoken on the subject of butter that our English product will not stand comparison with that of the foreign and Colonial makers. The analysis made by Mr. Lloyd, and published in another part of this paper, ought to disabuse those who have succumbed to what may be called the grocers' view. The latter continue to bring forward two watchwords, which they assert give the key to the butter trade. They are "uniformity of quality" and "regularity of supply," but those who are in the best position to know are quite aware that the former of these is gained at a considerable expense. Uniformity of quality means the elimination of the choicest qualities of butter, because to secure it butter of several grades of excellence must be mingled together. The more intelligent of the dealers admit that the best butter in the world is obtained from Jersey cows fed on English pastures. But they put it forward as a drawback that the supply from these sources is so irregular that they cannot depend upon it for fulfilling the orders of their customers. All this has been admitted to be true; but, were it so (and we are far from making any such admission), those who desire to have the very best articles of food on their table would nevertheless be well advised to demand the best English butter. Our analysis shows that in quality it is unsurpassed, as is proved by the proportion of fat, while its keeping qualities attest to something in the making that is not to be found in the best foreign samples. Our readers must bear in mind that the samples of foreign butter analysed were not purchased for their cheapness in a shop which sets out to supply the multitude. From the letter that we sent to the dealers it will be seen that we asked for the very best samples, and we paid the highest price for them. The sample of English butter sent to the analyst was exactly the same as supplied to the present writer week by week. In this connection it should be pointed out that the analyses would have shown a very different result if we had been anxious to demonstrate the quality of the butter ordinarily used. That this is not only inferior, but in the majority of cases manufactured under conditions the reverse of cleanly, is too well known to require repetition.

Consumers are happy in their ignorance. If the character of the butter they use were demonstrated to them it would be impossible

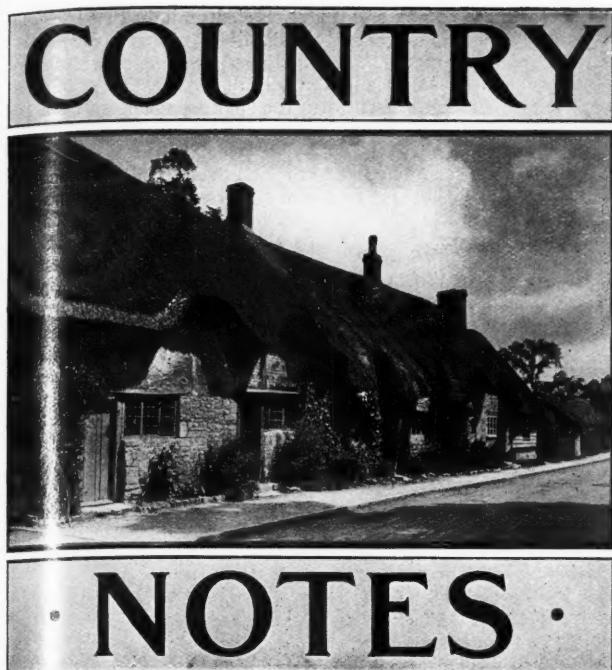
for them to go on buying it. Nor is it only the ordinary householder who is unaware of the character of the butter he uses. A letter which we publish in our "Correspondence" columns shows that those who are in a more favourable position know as little about the real facts. Our correspondent, Mr. Ernest H. Bennis, says "There is scarcely any article of food the sale of which is so stringently looked after, both by food inspectors and trade associations, so that, except from very second-rate salesmen, a person is sure of being supplied with the genuine article." If the opposite of all this were stated, it would be much nearer the truth. However, we shall return to that part of the subject on a future occasion. The position that we wish to maintain now is that no foreign or Colonial butter is equal to the best made in England. Yet, if one takes the trouble to ask at the best clubs and restaurants, it is found that very few of them—we question if there is one in all London—give their customers English butter of the highest quality. We have been making enquiries on the subject which are not yet complete. But as far as we have gone it is evident that scarcely a *chef* in London countenances the use of English butter. Indeed, it has been put forward as a merit by one well-known house of entertainment that only Normandy butter is used in the establishment. Those who imagine, when saying that, that they are claiming to use only the best of this article of food are ludicrously mistaken. If English butter, such as that which we have had analysed, were placed beside the best imported from abroad, he would indeed have very little palate who could not at once tell the difference. But the dealers would probably agree with us so far, only they assert that it is impossible to obtain from English sources that regular supply which is essential to the management of a great establishment.

All this is a reminiscence of a state of things that long has passed away. When foreign butter first began to be imported in quantity the state of English butter dairies was deplorable. It was taken as a matter of course that during winter all butter should taste more or less of turnip, and even in London a complete stoppage of supplies from the country was not unusual. The present generation knows nothing of this, except it be in the case of one or two veterans whose memories carry them back to a state of things that was accepted as inevitable by our grandfathers, or even the fathers of some of us. But since then not only has the art of dairying been brought to a higher pitch of perfection in England, but there has been witnessed the establishment of more first-rate herds of dairy cattle than there are in any other part of the world. In other words, we have been for the last thirty years and more steadily accumulating the means of supplying to its fullest extent the demand for the very highest quality of butter. At first Jerseys were purchased on a great number of estates because the keeping of these and other pedigree dairy cattle became a fashion among the wealthy members of society. Most of the new owners found their reward in the pleasure of winning prizes at shows, in having great auctions at which they tried to beat the record of their neighbours and in sending beasts abroad to our Colonies and to foreign countries. Very few cherished the idea of founding a dairy herd and producing milk and butter. All the same, however, the cows are there, and, if a demand for the finest butter were to arise in our great towns, it would be satisfied with the utmost ease. Things are very different from what they were when the foreigner managed to capture the English butter market. We could offhand name a very considerable number of dairies that are daily and hourly turning out butter much superior to that which comes from the churning of Normandy, Denmark, or any other foreign country. The chief difficulty in the way of forming a market is that the ordinary customer of clubs and restaurants has been so debauched with the fat, over-worked butter from Continental factories that he finds it difficult to recognise the best quality when he sees it. On the other hand, those who make the best butter have hitherto bid their candles under a bushel. If they wish to succeed, they must take the usual means of letting the world know what their wares are. Those who are too rich to care for an income from butter would at least perform a service to their fellow-dairy-owners if they showed the way, and sold their butter not exactly for gain, but from a patriotic sense of duty.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker. Lady Evelyn is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, and her mother is an aunt of the Duke of Marlborough.

** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

MR. BIRRELL returned a very satisfactory and clear answer to the deputation of medical men who waited upon him the other day for the purpose of urging the inclusion of hygiene and temperance in the curriculum of public elementary schools. He pointed out that the general difficulty in teaching these subjects is that they are not open to positive and exact statement. Opinions still differ in regard to them. Moreover, if they were made into subjects to be taught regularly in schools, the result would, no doubt, be that enterprising scholastic publishers would issue little books, and the essence of the whole matter would be lost in a cloud of words. In regard to hygiene there are three main principles to be kept in view. One is the advantage of fresh air. Where a number of children are gathered together in a single room there can scarcely be too much ventilation. In the next place, the good old precept that cleanliness is next to godliness is one that cannot be too deeply impressed on the young mind; and, thirdly, every endeavour should be made to teach children the advantage of consuming plain and good food.

In regard to temperance the way is not so clear. Probably there is a preponderant majority who believe that children ought to be taught from the beginning to hate every form of alcohol, and to believe in the principle of total abstinence. But those who are most fully convinced of the absolute truth of this doctrine have no right to impress their belief on a minority who may think otherwise. Mr. Birrell gave as an instance a brewery district, where probably the strongest supporter of the school made his fortune out of ale, and a large number of the children would belong to families whose bread-winner was employed in the brewery. It would be an act of tyranny to compel the schoolmaster to teach that the brewer and all those in his employment were engaged in manufacturing what was no better than poison. Besides, there are many not in the trade who refuse to believe that a moderate amount of alcohol is injurious to the human system, and they are quite as free to hold this opinion as the teetotalers are to hold theirs.

A great educationist passed away last week in the person of Miss Dorothea Beale, principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. Her whole life had been devoted to teaching, and it is no more than the truth to say that she effected a complete revolution in the education given to young ladies. The style before her was that of Mrs. Chapone, with its elegant accomplishments and exaggerated attention to deportment. In place of this Miss Beale set herself to provide for the women of the coming generation a thorough grounding in those arts and sciences which were likely to be useful to them. Before her death she had the satisfaction of seeing her example followed in all the great centres of female instruction, and the Cheltenham school, after she was able to make her personality felt, started on a career of prosperity that still endures.

For many a long day it is probable that the report of Mr. J. S. Davy, the Local Government Board's Chief General Inspector, on the enquiry into the working of the Poor Law in Poplar will be regarded as a text-book. It affords absolute proof of the mischief that can be done by laxity and carelessness masquerading as philanthropy. The most important facts are

that the district, although not one of the poorest in London, had more than doubled its own pauperism since 1900, and the Union has incurred such an enormous debt that the Finance Committee of the London County Council represented to the Local Government Board that "a further loan might be insufficiently secured upon the already over-burdened rates." An effect of this had been that many of the largest traders had moved elsewhere. When we come to look into the details it appears that the relieving officers had been instructed to do almost all those things which they ought to have left undone. The weekly cost rose from £88 to over £300 in a few weeks owing to the giving of outdoor relief in kind to all applicants without imposing any labour test. When the enquiry was made, the huge volume of paupers at once collapsed, which in itself tends to show that it was artificially inflated. Cases were unearthed in which poor relief was given to the families of men while they were earning over £2 a week. Persons over sixty years of age were given an informal pension. It was admitted in the course of the enquiry by Mr. Crooks that the food given in the workhouse was better than that which an ordinary labourer would be able to supply to his household. Beer was served out at the rate of from 100 pints to 200 pints a day. Tobacco was distributed with the same prodigal hand, only the best class of provisions was purchased, and, in fact, every endeavour seems to have been made to give the paupers a life of luxury. Into the bribery, trickery and dishonesty to which all this led there is no need to enter at the moment; but, when philanthropists of the type of Mr. Crooks again bring forth their schemes of universal benevolence, it will be well to turn to the pages of this classical report.

FOGS.

London streets are filled with mist
Making with the darkness tryst;
Drops of mist upon the pane
Form and fall in mimic rain.
Every leafless tree stands out
Through the fog, fringed all about
With bright drops, and they that fare
Townwards know not street from square—
Fog imprisons all the air.

Viewless people to and fro
Through the yellow darkness go;
Voices calling rise and fall
Eerily as plovers call
When September's moon is full.
Everyone is shod with wool,
And the very wheels that plod,
Through the mire like bare feet go.
Now the naked sunflowers show
Bravely as the golden rod.

Small folk are as greater folk,
Aspen looms as large as oak;
Chestnut dull as sallow shows
Where this yellow darkness goes.
In this tide that overflows
London all that's gay is drowned,
Ways are lost as soon as found.
Colour dies away to grey,
Not a sunbeam tells the day,
Not a star the night declares:
Fog and Cold make London theirs.

NORA CHESSON.

The statement has been confidently made that five years from now will see the end of the smoke nuisance in London, and that we shall all be burning smokeless fuel. Without expressing any opinion on the merits of the new invention, it may be devoutly hoped that this will be among the prophecies that are fulfilled. Meantime a society has been formed for the purpose of suppressing a nuisance that is often more annoying than London smoke. Sir Theodore Martin has become president of the Street Noise Abatement Committee, and the medical men of London are lending him very strenuous support to lay the noise fiend. Anyone who has the misfortune to live near a main thoroughfare is painfully aware of the increase of the street hubbub that has occurred recently. Perhaps the greatest of all sinners is the new motor-car, which causes a vibration comparable to that of a railway train as well as making a noise that penetrates through the thickest walls. The continual pressure of these sounds on the brain, even when the brain is not consciously irritated by them, must, in the opinion of physicians, have an ill effect on human nerves, and the health of London would certainly be improved were Sir Theodore Martin and his coadjutors to succeed in their laudable undertaking.

Fruit-growers are warned by Mr. Salmon, mycologist to the South-Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, Kent, that the American gooseberry mildew has been discovered in England, and, unless prompt measures are taken for its eradication, this

wholesome fruit will suffer in the same way that the black currant has from the terrible gallmite, which in several districts has entirely destroyed extensive plantations. Fruit-growers will be well advised to examine carefully their gooseberry bushes to discover if this mildew has attacked them, as it has already established itself in Ireland, and destroyed the crop in many districts year after year. It appears that the gooseberry mildew is a native of America, and was not discovered in Europe until six years ago, when it was found in three gardens in Ireland. It spread thence to the Continent, and so far England is comparatively free, but measures must be immediately taken to prevent its increase in nursery and private gardens.

Prince Ranjitsinhji has been so popular a figure in the eye of this country that his claim to the succession of an Indian feudatory chieftainship must possess more interest than is generally felt in this kind of dispute. The case is a very curious one. The state involved is that of Nawangar, on the shore of the Gulf of Cutch. It was founded in 1540, and in the middle of last century was ruled by Shri Vibaji, a great sportsman, and we are justified in adding, a great husband, as he had thirteen Rajput and five Mahomedan wives. In 1856 one of the Mahomedan ladies became the mother of a son Kalubha, whom the Government in 1872 recognised as the heir. He came to a bad end, however, and in 1877 was disinherited and banished. The next year Vibaji adopted a cousin, and it was after his death that Ranjitsinhji was put in his place. But this arrangement was disturbed in 1882, when a second Mahomedan lady presented Vibaji with a son. The adoption of Ranjitsinhji had been on the condition that none of the wives should present her husband with a son, so that this event upset the previous arrangement. Vibaji died in 1895, and his successor died in last August without leaving any heir natural or adopted. The great cricketer's claim, then, is that he ought to revert to the position in which he was in 1884, and he is opposed by Lakhuba, the son of the man who was disinherited in 1877. The Indian law on the subject is very complicated, too difficult for an Occidental to understand, but the general opinion seems to be that Ranjitsinhji ought to succeed; and there is no doubt that, were this to occur, he would be a highly popular chief of the state.

Much has to be said in favour of a protest made by Mr. Lord George Sanger against the abolition of the fairs at Mitcham and Horsham and elsewhere, but we are afraid that he is fighting against fate. After all, the original purpose for which these gatherings were held was to buy and sell. Mr. Sanger appears to think that they exist mainly for the showman and for popular amusements, but when the fairs were in their glory people were accustomed to look forward to them for months before as opportunities for making purchases. The "fun of the fair" was only incidental to the gathering. To-day people get so easily to markets, and the arrangements for distribution have been so much improved, that the fair has lost its usefulness. People would get tired of such a meeting as that which was held at Mord Hill, two miles out of Winchester, and lasted fourteen days. The curious feature of this fair was that there was no water on the ground, and it had to be carried from Winchester at a cost of 2d. per bucket.

Mr. Sanger also raises a lament over the disappearance of the travelling booth. He recalls that many of the great actors and actresses of the past, including Kemble and Kean, did not disdain to wear the buskin at a country fair, and the present writer is old enough to remember when the penny gaff was a constituent part of the fair—only these were days when the Keans and Kembles had long ceased to figure in it. The actors and actresses who did take part were ultra-transportine in their methods. The pieces that they chose to play were mostly of the order of the "Spanish Spy," and can be judged from a single passage in the *dénouement*: "A black thumb on a white hand! It is—it is the Spanish Spy!" To-day education, not only that given in schools, but received in the course of free intercourse, frequent excursions to town, and attendance at more refined places of amusement, has very nearly put an end to the wandering actors and actresses. We say very nearly, because, in spite of Mr. Sanger's lament, the travelling booth has not absolutely ceased to exist. It leads a precarious existence in remote and out-of-the-way hamlets.

Naturally enough, the Londoner is constantly contriving for himself some means of taking that active exercise which the Briton desires and ever requires. At the present time a certain number of stables and coach-houses are becoming empty because, whatever their other relative merits may be, the motor-car certainly occupies less house-room than the carriages and horses which it is displacing. In one or two cases the owners of houses in London with stables, etc., belonging to them have taken advantage of the additional space which has been put at their disposal to turn it into a squash racquet court. It may surprise people to know that a house in Grosvenor Square now

has one of these courts, so fitted with electric light that it can be used at any time, independently of daylight. Squash racquets is such a good game in itself, and at the same time provides such splendid exercise, that it is quite likely that a great many of those who are able to afford it will turn the spare space of their stables to the same account, when once the idea is suggested to them.

Many signs seem to point to the fact that Association football has arrived at the parting of the ways—the way of the amateur and the way of the professional, down which each in the future may have to travel alone. Old public school boys cannot but be in sympathy with the efforts just now being made to preserve one of the best games in the world from the commercial spirit, which has gained the upper hand and is tainting management, players and legislation alike. In saying this we would hasten to add that we make no attack on the professional himself. He is probably as good a sportsman to begin with as his cricket-playing brethren, but whereas in the latter game everything is conducive to his becoming an even better sportsman, in Association football as at present managed his surroundings can have nothing but a deteriorating influence. It must not be forgotten, too, how loyally the amateurs have supported the ruling powers, notably in their action over refereeing in the Arthur Dunn Cup a few years ago; yet this loyalty has gained no consideration for those who wish to play the game for the game's sake.

PILGRIMS.

From west to east, from east to west
The Pilgrim toiled, and could not rest;
Wayfarers met—the road was long—
And this the burden of his song:

"Broken hearts and weary pain;
All is loss and yet is gain."

A maiden passed in gay attire:
"O Pilgrim, tell, and tell me true:
Is this real love? or shall I rue
The day I met my heart's desire?"

"Broken hearts and weary pain;
All is loss and yet is gain."

A lad came by in pride of youth:
"O prithee, Pilgrim, tell me truth:
My love is fair; is she my fate?
My heart is hers,—am I too late?"

"Broken hearts and weary pain;
All is loss and yet is gain."

Old Gammer passed and asked in turn:
"Why is my life so long and sad?
When others die and some are glad?
And why does God old people spurn?"

"Broken hearts and weary pain;
All is loss and yet is gain."

Old Gaffer came and hobbled round:
"I cannot hear a single sound:
O prithee, Pilgrim, tell me why
Thou singest still and I do sigh?"

"Broken hearts and weary pain;
All is loss and yet is gain."

Lifeless at last the Pilgrim lies:
Maiden and youth, ah! each one dies;
Pilgrims are all,—the road is long—
And they still sing the same old song:

"Broken hearts and weary pain;
All is loss and yet is gain."

MORGAN DOUGLAS.

A great revival is taking place in Derbyshire now in lead-mining. When shooting many an old mine can be noticed enclosed by a railing with trees growing over it, and they are the more numerous inasmuch as in that piece of country known as the King's Field, comprising the Wapentake of Wirksworth, anyone has a right to prospect for lead when and where he pleases, with three exceptions—he may not prosecute his search in a garden, orchard or on the high road. This curious right came to light some years ago, when a descent of prospectors was threatened on a big estate, and the owner, to protect himself, was obliged to plant one of his meadows with fruit trees. Needless to say, when all danger of the invasion had vanished, the fruit trees quickly followed suit. Though prospectors have this right, there is one condition attached which tends to check anything like senseless or unwarranted prospecting. Where no lead is discovered the ground must be left as it was found, so that this power to enter on someone else's property is safeguarded to a certain extent, as an unsuccessful search means not only the unremunerative waste of the time spent in making it, but also the further time spent without return in restoring the *status quo*.

There has been a good deal of unnecessary excitement at Bath over the Art treasures in the Museum. Under a system of rearrangement a great many of the pictures have been put

into the storeroom, and as they are adorned with such names as those of Gainsborough, Van Dyck, Sir Peter Lely, Rubens and Sir Joshua Reynolds, it has been prematurely assumed by those who do not know the facts that there has been a great disillusion. The pictures, as it is hardly necessary to inform our readers, were collected and left to the city by Sir William Holbourne, Bart., but it is ridiculous to suppose that their real value was unknown.

As a matter of fact, Sir William himself knew that a number of them were copies, and the location of the originals of many of them have been known for a long time. All that has happened is that in rearranging the Museum it was not thought worth while to let these bad copies remain hanging. They have very wisely been put out of sight, but it is absurd to infer that either excitement or disappointment has been aroused by this fact.

OUR BUTTER ANALYSIS.

IT may interest our readers to know how we came to have the following analysis made and the circumstances under which it was conducted. Controversies about butter have been frequent in the newspapers of late, and the variety of opinion expressed extraordinary. A little while ago, one of our contemporaries, a journal of the very highest standing, after carrying on a discussion of the question, left its readers with the impression that the best butter in the market at the present moment is that which comes from Denmark, while we find that *chefs* at various fashionable restaurants almost invariably prefer that from Brittany to any other. Under the circumstances, it seemed worth while to obtain a thoroughly qualified and impartial decision of this point. The name of Mr. Frederick Lloyd naturally suggested itself. There is no expert of higher standing in the United Kingdom, and his investigations have long been carefully studied as they appeared in the reports of the Bath and West and other agricultural societies. Personally, he was unknown to any member of our staff, though his reputation was familiar to all. Our method of choosing the samples to be dealt with was as simple as it was satisfactory. The following letter was sent to a very well-known firm in Bond Street, a firm that might be trusted to supply us with the best article on the market:

"I wish to obtain samples of your best foreign and colonial butter. Will you send me by bearer half a pound of the best Danish, the best Normandy, and the best Irish? Would you be so kind as to place a description of each sample upon the package and send the invoice to me here? It is essential that in each case the very best you have should be chosen."

As a result of this we received at the office samples of Brittany, and Danish and Italian butter, the latter being sent instead of Irish. The fourth sample consisted of English butter, which has been supplied for some time to a member of the staff from an English dairy. A little committee was formed, before which these four samples of butter were stripped of every paper, wrapping and mark that might give a clue to their identity, and packed in white office paper, marked respectively A., B., C. and D., and thus despatched to the analyst, who, therefore, had nothing except his own analysis to guide him in his investigations. The report speaks for itself, but to understand it clearly the reader has to remember that A. in this case means the best Danish butter, B. the best Italian, C. the best Brittany, and D. the best English. The report is so clear and intelligible that it stands in need of very little comment on our part. We would direct attention, however, to two important features in it. One is the result of the second examination after the butter had been kept for sixteen days; the other is the effect of salt. It has to be remembered that all the butters were chosen for their high quality. They represent the best of their kind procurable in London. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that the English butter should receive so emphatic a preference after it had been kept for over a fortnight, the final verdict of the analyst being that it was "the cleanest and best sample, . . . both on analysis and on keeping." Mr. Lloyd's remarks on the use of salt will be read with very great interest. It will be seen that at the end of a fortnight the saltiest of the butter "had no aroma except that slight smell termed the salt smell, which nearly all salt butter possesses. The taste was neither good nor bad, being hidden by the flavour of the salt." His remark on the English butter will be found extremely valuable, as it points out that, in spite of the very small percentage of salt which it contained, it kept better than any of the others. He says: "It is evident that the small percentage of water and casein in this butter, and the cleanliness of the butter as shown by bacteriological results, has far more to do with the keeping qualities than the mere presence of salt." In fact, the conclusion of the matter seems to be that salt is used simply as a blind to cover faults of uncleanliness in butter-making. The worst of the reports is that which deals with the Italian butter, which, after sixteen days, "had a disagreeable foul smell and bad taste." This was accounted for by the bacteriological examination, which showed the presence, among other things, of "very many liquefying organisms such as are found in impure water." The analyst remarks that probably "what little washing had been given to it was done with impure water." We venture to think that this very instructive report will be read with the keenest attention both by those who consume

butter and those who purchase it. We may add that it is our intention to have other prominent butters on the market analysed, and we shall be glad to deal with any suggestions which our readers care to make on the subject.

"Certificate of analysis of samples of butter received from the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE marked A., B., C. and D., sealed. The samples contained the following constituents:

	A.	B.	C.	D.
Water	12·55	14·64	13·64	11·99
Fat	84·91	82·97	84·88	87·03
Casein	·71	1·39	·86	·72
Salts	1·83	1·00	·62	·26
	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00

"I am now in a position to report upon the four samples of butter I received from you on October 24th.

"SAMPLE MARKED A.—Had a poor aroma and salt taste, but otherwise not a bad flavour. As will be seen from the results of my analyses, which are enclosed herewith, the salt taste is due to the comparatively large proportion of salt present in the butter, otherwise the butter was well made, the proportion of casein not being too high, and the proportion of water also fairly low. [Danish, Ed.]

"SAMPLE B.—Had a slightly rancid smell, and not a good butter flavour. The analysis shows that it had not been carefully made, containing far too high a proportion of casein, nearly twice as much as was present in sample A., and that even the fair proportion of salt which was present could not check the injurious effect of the high proportion of casein. [Italian, Ed.]

"SAMPLE C.—This butter had a good milk aroma, fairly good flavour, mild, and not salt. The analysis shows that it was made with care, and contained neither an excess of water nor of casein, though both of these might have been lower. [Brittany, Ed.]

"SAMPLE D.—Had a very high colour, such as is generally found only in Jersey butter, and had a fairly good aroma, a good flavour; was very solidly made, and the fat was found to be of a hard nature. The butter was characteristically different from the other three samples. The analysis shows that it was very well made, containing less water than either of the others, having the casein well washed out and not being laden with salt. [English, Ed.]

"Sixteen days after I received the butters they were again examined. On the outside, naturally, all had turned slightly rancid, but in the interior the following results were found:

"SAMPLE A.—Had no aroma except that slight smell termed the salt smell which nearly all salt butter possesses; the taste was neither good nor bad, being hidden by the flavour of the salt.

"SAMPLE B.—Had a disagreeable foul smell and bad taste, which the result of my bacteriological examination easily accounts for.

"SAMPLE C.—Had a strong smell, but the taste was better than one could have expected from the smell, and did not appear to be affected by the moulds which were found present in this butter. This is probably due to the fact that owing to the absence of air, mould spores, although present, could not develop.

"SAMPLE D.—Still had a good aroma and was the best of all the samples, and it had kept better than the others. This is interesting in view of the very small percentage of salt which the butter contained. Too many think that by adding salt the butter will keep, and that faults of manipulation will be hidden. It is evident that the small percentage of water and casein in this butter and the cleanliness of the butter as shown by bacteriological results have far more to do with the keeping qualities than the mere presence of salt.

"The result of the bacteriological examination of the bacteria present in the four samples of butter brought out some interesting facts:

"SAMPLE A.—Contained numerous bacteria which were mainly lactic acid bacteria, no moulds and no liquefying organisms being present.

"SAMPLE B.—Containing an enormous number of bacteria, far too numerous to count, and among them were very many liquefying organisms such as are found in impure water. Hence it is not surprising that this butter acquired a foul smell and bad taste as previously stated. The butter had not been properly washed free from casein, and probably what little washing had been given to it was done with impure water.

"SAMPLE C.—In addition to the numerous bacteria, contained an exceptional number of moulds, which inhibited the proper growth of the bacteria present. These moulds enter the butter either from apparatus or rooms which are not kept scrupulously clean, and are a frequent source of the production of inferior butter even where skill and care are exerted in the actual process of manufacture.

"SAMPLE D. contained numerous lactic acid bacteria, which were by far the most prominent organisms present. There were,

in them, and both time and words come back. The quavering voice steadies itself and carols with a good sound heart. One song recalls another, and thus many an ancient melody or tune has been set down and saved from oblivion. The melodies are far older than the words, and some of them, we are assured, are unique and belonging to the locality—"all at once you are face to face with some model melody, some *Æolian* or *Mixolydian* air from the spacious days of Elizabeth, possibly from the Wars of the Roses or earlier than that," Mr. Marson tells us.



A. E. Bowers.

MORNING MISTS.

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however, a certain number of other organisms, which indicate that the milk had not been gathered with that scrupulous cleanliness which is desirable; otherwise it was free from both moulds and liquefying organisms, and bacteriologically speaking was the cleanest and best sample, as it also proved to be both on analysis and on keeping.

"Trusting that the above supplies you with the information you require—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, FREDK. J. LLOYD, F.C.S."

FOLK-SONG.

THE third series of "Folk-songs from Somerset," gathered and edited, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, has just appeared, and will be cordially welcomed by all who feel interested in old-world song. The summer visitor, even to the most remote county, is rarely gladdened to-day by the sound of an ancient ballad. The youth of the village, such of it as remains, delights chiefly in the modern song which has been labelled "comic." And the folk-songs have gone the way of the festivities which formerly made the village year so gay. There were songs of haymaking and songs of harvest home, and ballads of which folk never wearied at feast and merry-making. But the machine has driven from the field the slanting rank of mowers with their scythes, and the horse-rake replaced the women-folk and maidens. There is no harvest home, and little singing at the alehouse or by the hearth. Hearth! The jolly old hearth has almost passed, and the homestead has accepted the kitchen range and little grate.

So the day of folk-song has gone, and we are now in the very last of the evening twilight with the night and forgetfulness coming on. From the prefaces to the three volumes already issued, and in the notes on individual songs, we can trace the manner of their search. In some remote homestead or humble cottage there still lives a singing bird, "wull, woone that wur a famous singer years ago." All the rest is diplomacy. In reply to a direct request, the most willing octogenarian can frequently remember nothing. "I have all a-passed out o' mind." But talk of old days and what was done

Many an ancient tune has come down unaltered, but this cannot be said of the words. The reason is obvious. A custom having fallen into disuse, any reference to it quickly ceased to convey a meaning to the singer. Thus a line or verse might become corrupted with apparent nonsense, as in the familiar case of the children's singing game:

Here we come gathering nuts in May,
an impossibility easily explained by substituting "Knots o' May,"
meaning bunches of hawthorn, and deriving its origin from an
early May Day rite. One suspects something of the sort in
"Creeping Jane," a quaint little song that is to be found in
Series I. of this collection.

A brief consideration of the history of the ballad will explain its construction and account for many of its features. As the name indicates, it was originally a dancing song performed to the rhythmic movement of a chorus. The same thing still exists in opera, and in a simpler form in the singing games so dear to children, and frequently to be heard in the village street. There was doubtless a protagonist, and a constantly recurring refrain taken up by the chorus. Some of the meaningless jingles which we still sing at the end of each verse when we let ourselves go at a smoking concert may once have possessed a most important significance. Compare the following lines:

Hey! down and derry-down, Ho!
Hai! down, ir derry danno.

Yet the latter is said to be the burden of an old song of the Druids, and translated means: "Come let us hasten to the oaken grove." The following verses, founded upon a very ancient theme, afford one of the most delightful instances of a pleasing jingle and recurrent lines, and are taken from the present issue:

THE LOVER'S TASKS.

Say, can you make me a cambric shirt,
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
Without any needle or needlework?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Say, can you plough me an acre of land,
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
Between the sea and the salt sea strand?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Yes, if you plough it with one ram's horn,
Sing Ivy leaf, Sweet William and Thyme,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

One feels inclined to dance with the repetition of the refrain.

The celebrated narrative ballad, "Lord Bateman," has also found a place in this third volume. There are twenty-one verses, but Mr. Cecil Sharp found a persevering Somerset man who sang it all through. This is rather a ballad of the minstrel, and its origin is considered in the following note:

The story of Lord Bateman, Beichan, or Bekie, is very similar to the well-known and ancient legend about Gilbert Becket, father of St. Thomas the martyr. This has suggested to some the derivation of the ballad from the legend; but Child thinks that is not so, although he admits that the ballad has not come down to us unaffected by the legend. He points out that there is a similar story in the "Gesta Romanorum" of about the same age as the Becket legend; that there are beautiful repetitions of the story in the ballads of other nations; and that it has secondary affinities with "Hind Horn."

The student of ballads will discover many affinities. The wandering minstrel was not above changing place or person to suit his surroundings. In some versions of this ballad we find the prisoner singing in his dungeon. The beautiful daughter of the Moor overhears and comes to give him liberty. But stories such as these are common to many countries. Some version of "Little Sir Hugh," the child murdered by the Jewess, would seem to be universal. A similar accusation might be made in Russia even to-day.

One of the most charming little songs in the book is entitled "A Farmer's Son so Sweet." It has a very dainty simplicity, but with the substitution of "A fair young lady gay" for the goddess it is very like the story of Endymion over again:

She kissed his lips so sweet
As he lay fast asleep.
I fear my heart will break
For you, my dear.
She said: Awake I pray,
The sun is on the hay;
Your flock will go astray
From you, my dear.
He woke with great surprise
And saw her handsome eyes,
An angel from the skies
She did appear.

There are also many humorous songs in this number, too long to be given in full, and from which it would be difficult to quote. This, however, is one verse from the old patter song called "Bingo," which has made the rafters of many an old barn and the beams of many a homestead kitchen ring. No harvest home was ever complete without it, and a very noisy, merry performance it used to be.

There was an old dog, and he lived at a mill,
And Bingo was his name, sir.
B. I. N. G. O.
Bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her.
And Bingo was his name, sir.
You sing bang her, and I'll sing bop her,
You sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her,
And Bingo was his name, sir.

This collection should recommend itself to every lover of a good old song. Mr. Marson has often been obliged to fill in missing lines from old broadsheets and other sources, since the

memories of ancient rural singers often break down in respect of the words. They do not forget the old melodies. These are always interesting, often quaint and sometimes very beautiful.

THE SLOW-WORM.

THE accompanying excellent photographs by Mr. B. H. Bentley represent a well-known British reptile, the slow-worm or blind-worm, *Anguis fragilis*, often taken for a snake, but which, in spite of its serpentiform body and absence of limbs, is a lizard. Its movements are decidedly slow as compared with those of a snake, and when met with it will let itself be picked up without making any great effort to escape; this probably accounts for its name slow-worm. Why it should be called blind-worm is more difficult to guess, for it has well-developed eyes with movable lids. Perhaps the best explanation for its being regarded as blind not only in England, but in many parts of France, where it is called Avengle or Anvin, and in Germany, where it is known as Blindschleiche, rests on the fact that it has eyelids and closes its eyes when killed, while a dead snake, having no eyelids, has a very different appearance. Its skeleton conforms to the lizard type, and dissection shows distinct rudiments of both shoulder and hip girdles. The slow-worm differs from all other British reptiles in being partial to moisture, although it enjoys basking in the sun. It is usually met with when the ground is wet with dew, or even in rainy weather. A few years ago, in May, I found a couple

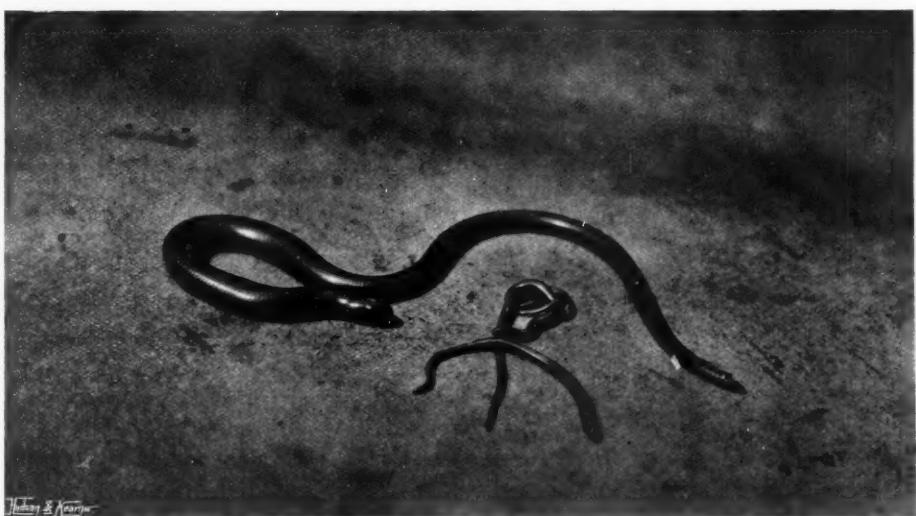


B. H. Bentley.

BLIND-WORM SWALLOWING A WORM.

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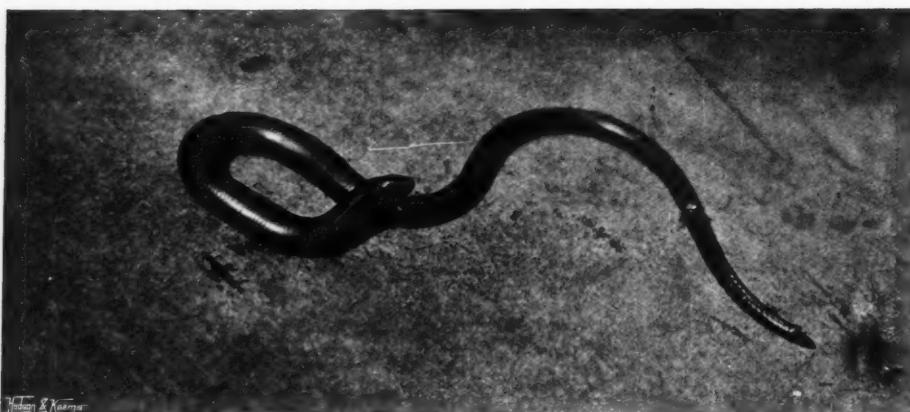
pairing during a heavy shower. In accordance with these habits, it feeds principally, perhaps exclusively, on slugs and earth-worms. A young specimen is here represented in the act of swallowing an earth-worm. Like the viper and our common lizard, it brings forth its young alive. These, numbering from six to twenty-one, are lovely little creatures, silvery white above, black on the sides and beneath, with a black line along the spine. This vertebral line persists in the adult female, but usually vanishes in the male, which may develop small blue spots on the upper parts. The young at birth measure $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 2 in., the adult usually measuring 10 in. to 15 in. The largest specimen I have seen, from the Côte d'Or in France, measures $19\frac{1}{2}$ in. When intact, the tail is a little longer than the body, but most adult specimens have a shorter tail, due to the fragility of this organ (whence the Latin name *fragilis*), which is usually broken when the slow-worm is seized by an enemy or handled without caution. The tail grows again, but never to a great extent. This peculiarity is shared by many lizards, and has caused the North American ally of our slow-worm, *Ophisaurus ventralis*, to be called the glass-snake. Great force is required to break the tail of a snake, and once lost or injured it does not grow again. The young are born in August and the beginning of September. The smooth shiny scales of the slow-worm are underlain by a system of bony plates, which constitute a regular armour; hence the rigid appearance of the reptile. When it changes its coat, the skin is cast entire, as in snakes, not in bits, as in lizards. Although the slow-worm has long and sharp teeth, not unlike those of snakes, it is a perfectly harmless creature, never even attempting to bite. It makes a nice pet, and if kept in a case with a lower layer of damp moss and an upper layer of dry



B. H. Bentley.

A KNOT OF YOUNG ONES.

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A FULL-GROWN BLIND-WORM.

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moss, and plenty of slug food, it will live in captivity for many years. The slow-worm has many enemies: pigs, hedgehogs, large birds and, above all, man, who so stupidly kills so many innocent creatures which are useful in destroying the minute enemies of agriculture. It is, therefore, not surprising that so helpless a creature should be on the decrease and that it should have become scarce in many parts of the country where it was formerly abundant.

G. A. BOULENGER.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN his latest work, *The Eight Guests* (Constable), Mr. Percy White continues his pastime of shooting folly as it flies. In some respects we consider this the most powerful book he has yet written. It would be an exaggeration to say that it entitles him to a place among the really great novelists of this country, but it displays a precision and sureness of touch which would not have disgraced Thackeray himself. He finds a subject in the fashionable life of to-day, of which he draws no genial or flattering picture. The principal character is a millionaire named Marcus Hart, who has made his fortune by what one of his new associates calls "predatory finance." He is a keen, hard-hearted man of business, accustomed all his life to "come out top," and regards society simply in the light of one more world to conquer. His education is deficient, his mind is vulgar and he has no recommendation other than his money-bags; yet Mr. Percy White cynically allows him to win in the game against a set who once were renowned for nothing if not for their exclusiveness. The field of battle to which we are introduced at the beginning of the book is a very select club, which is thus described:

At that moment the club justly considered itself the most exclusive association of smart and brilliant women in London. Men were only acceptable in so far as a few big names might be supposed to give weight to a collective effort to satisfy the earnest cravings of women of fashion for the higher joys of the mind.

Mr. Hart holds the opinion very proper to a millionaire, that fashionable women will do anything for diamonds. He invites his supporters to lunch which

was served in a small circular room, all white, gold and pink, that overlooked the Park. Above the trees, faintly touched by the hand of a reluctant spring, the giant head and shoulders of the Achilles braved the whistling wind. Lady Horham sat on Hart's right, Mrs. Chesterfield on his left. Mrs.

Kington was furthest from her host. In each lady's place, beside a bouquet of exquisite roses, was a small parcel inscribed with her name. Four pairs of eyes glistened as they beheld them. Four hearts gave a bound of expectancy which, in beings less delicately organized, might have been mistaken for greed.

Needless to say, in each small parcel mentioned in this passage was a diamond brooch, and no doubt Mr. Percy White intends us to see that, although the presents were all made together, and so a certain amount of the taint taken away, yet the event was in itself degrading. Each of these fashionable women was treated exactly as a menial might have been when tipped for the performance of some service. The Duchess of Evesham, who is the president of the club, is at first inclined to take this view, as will

appear from the following conversation between her and Captain Norbert, who is at once the secretary of the club and the hero of this book :

"I don't think what has occurred is in the least amusing, Captain Norbert," returned the Duchess. "I've just been considering whether I ought to resign."

"And admit defeat?" replied Norbert. "I've a much better plan than that."

"It seems to me too late for plans," said the Duchess. "But tell me first what the bribe was. The world's growing horribly corrupt! I was afraid at one time that the horrid man had 'got at' you and Emilia!"

"His Magnificence didn't even try us with diamond brooches!"

The Duchess frowned.

"It's worse," she said, "than I thought."

Norbert shook his head.

"There are," he said, "excuses. The ladies all have husbands to support and cannot afford to be proud. They felt it would have been prudish to pretend 'they couldn't accept expensive presents from a gentleman' when given collectively! Mrs. Kington considers it an act of ordinary courtesy."

"I'm glad she can reconcile it with her conscience," said the Duchess.

But even the august Duchess bows down before Mammon, and when there is a chance of the millionaire marrying Emilia, the Duchess not only forgives his election, but asks him to take the chair at one of the periodical lectures. He consents, and the members of the fashionable club take the opportunity of baiting him. The lecturer himself is put up to sneer at "predatory finance," and almost without disguise relates to his audience the story of one of the shadiest episodes in Hart's life. Thus the millionaire finds that, though outwardly he has conquered, the battle is only half won. He has wit, culture and cleverness arrayed against his coarseness and strength, and it seems as though he can never feel or see his antagonists, who are continually striking him with barbed arrows. The result is described in the following powerful passage:

And so he sat rigidly, the truculent victim of the crowding, vengeful thoughts flowing in on him from the accursed letter. He had always intended to know "where he stood." Now he had found it on a fiery pinnacle of shame where his pride was scorched to rags. Then, out of the base turmoil, Low's example seemed to call him to action. Above all, he longed to trample on the women—the sexless things of artifice and lies who flattered and derided him, and to whom he seemed a vast joke seated on money-bags. They mocked his manners, his looks, his speech, but with a sort of female devil-worship. And so he sat before the letter for an hour, then closed it carefully and replaced it in the box.

Under these circumstances he hits upon a plan for reducing what he calls these sexless women to their elementary factors. In other words, he is determined to lure them into a situation where hardship, hunger and the imminent threat of death will make them throw aside the airs and graces which they display so freely in London. He trumps up a romance about hidden treasure which is suggested by Stevenson's well-known story, prepares a yacht to go in search of it and invites a number of members of the club to go with him. The idea is to transport them to a stormy and very lonely coast, to risk his life and others and the fortunes of the yacht in strange waters, and so reduce their pride. We need not go into particulars, because that would only be to destroy the interest of the reader. Nor have we referred to the love story which runs through the tale, as that, also, would be unfair to the author. All that need be said about



B. H. Bentley.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA TO CRAWL.

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it is that the most beautiful and, on the whole, the best woman of the set finds it almost too great a struggle to give up a man she loathes, so much has the power and advantage of money become part and parcel of her being. We, therefore, are using no exaggeration of language when we describe this as one of the most cynical books produced in our time. It gives society credit for nothing. When the fashion prevailed for it to be infidel and materialistic, the men and women in it became infidels and materialists. But, as these opinions spread to the middle classes, they were pronounced vulgar, and the spiritual life was affected in the same way as the other had been. It found expression in

such foolishness as crystal-gazing, palmistry and kindred whims of the passing hour. Fashion is painted as even cultivating morality when the middle classes began to show notorious breaches of it in their own rank. Perhaps it may be said that Mr. Percy White is too severe; that there is now, and ever has been, a leaven of the good and true even in fashionable society. But, granting that, it is still obvious that this book is, in a very high sense, a moral one. There is no ostensible preaching in it, but the mirror is held up so relentlessly to the vices and weaknesses of the age that those who read must have it borne in upon them that there is "a nobler and a better way."



SLENDER PINE SHAFTS.

SUSSEX COTTAGES.

THE antiquarian and lover of old houses, were he to search England through, would find it difficult to discover a more happy hunting-ground than Sussex. This is a rather curious circumstance, if one remembers that the larger portion of this county lies within fifty or sixty miles of the greatest and most densely-populated city in the world. But there are reasons to account for the unspoiled and wonderfully old-world type of so many of the small towns, villages and hamlets of Sussex. There is not a more slow-moving or more conservative race in Britain than the Sussex peasantry. The old Saxon blood is still strong within them; they hate change, and they cling to their native soil, their ancient ways and their antique cottages with a steady persistency,



C. H. Hewitt. A TUDOR FRONT AT BIGNOR. Copyright

which, in these days of frantic haste and ever-growing restlessness, is a good deal to be admired.

Until well past the middle of the eighteenth century travelling in Sussex, especially through the heavy country of the Weald, was a sufficiently serious undertaking. Roads were infamously bad, and in wet weather even the wealthy and the fashionable wayfarer had not seldom to be rescued from the slough of despond, in which his chariot had stuck fast, by the aid of stout oxen and the broad shoulders of Sussex farmers and their hinds. Squires and their dames were in those days often drawn to church in winter—so infamous were the ways—by a yoke of oxen. Even



C. H. Hewitt.

AT AMBERLEY.

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the advent of coaches, the improvement of highways and, later on, the introduction of railways, have not sufficed to break the old-world peace and alter the habits of the rural inhabitants of this county. Along the southern coast-line, it is true, the towns and villages have grown and spread themselves enormously within a hundred years; but go a few miles inland, even from places such as Brighton and Hastings and Eastbourne, and you will find the country people pursuing their vocations much as they did 200 years ago, still living contentedly in those picturesque and ancient habitations in which they and their forbears have

dwell for centuries past. Their speech, even since the invasion of the School Board, has not greatly changed; and in the quieter parts of the county you will find strong traces of the language which Ella and his South Saxons introduced into this part of England.

It matters little what part of Sussex you shall explore, wherever you wander you may be certain always of finding beautiful villages, ancient churches and cottages displaying very quaint and singular charms of their own. The names



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COTTAGE AT BURY.

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of more than a score of charming Sussex towns and villages which occur to my mind have been put down quite at random. These are Harting, Amberley, Ripe, Sedlescombe, Battle, Bosham, Bignor, Brede, Hankham, Alciston, Westham, Pevensey, Robertsbridge, Burwash, Chiddingly, Rotherfield, Mayfield, Steyning, Firle, Ninfeld, Bramber, Midhurst, Withyham, Wadhurst, Hartfield and Northiam. In and around these towns and villages, many of them very little known to the outer world, are to be seen some of the most quaint, beautiful and interesting old houses to be found in any part of England. There are scores of other villages and hamlets in the county quite as full of beauty and of charm. But those I have mentioned will easily illustrate my point, and convince those who take the trouble to search them out of the abiding picturesqueness of old-world Sussex.

In different parts of the county wall, of course, be found varying styles of architecture. Here you may see flint freely used; there thatched roofs are prevalent. Towards Cowfold and Horsham ancient houses, having for their roofing the huge and heavy, but most picturesque, tiles of quarried stone, are much in evidence. In some places, as at Bignor, Steyning, in some old houses near Chiddingly, Hankham, Shoswell and elsewhere magnificent specimens of fine old timbered dwellings are to be found. One of the illustrations, the timbered cottage at Bignor, well displays this most interesting type of architecture. The old clergy house, standing by the church at Alfriston, is another good example of the ancient Sussex timbered house. But, taking the county as a whole, the most prevalent type of Sussex cottage and farmhouse is the red-roofed house having the upper portion of its back, front and sides also covered with warm red tiling. The effect of these red-tiled cottages is in all respects admirable. Toned by the weathering of a century or two they blend perfectly with the landscape, and impart an air of warmth, comfort and beauty infinitely pleasing to the eye. The front garden of many an old cottage of this

thatched, while the walls are of flint or plaster. Flint lends itself excellently well to good building, and where due pains have been bestowed upon it, the house composed of this material will stand for ages. Bramber Castle, where a magnificent piece



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THE LABOURER'S GARDEN.

of flint wall is still to be seen, must once have been a grand example of this kind of work, capable in its heyday of resisting many a siege, even although accompanied by mediæval artillery. In the Weald, where once a mighty forest covered the land timbered houses are much more frequent. East Sussex, especially behind Battle, round Brightling, Burwash, Etchingham and Robertsbridge is to this day one of the most heavily timbered parts of England. The great forest of the Weald for long centuries acted as a strong bar to the influences of progress in the land of the South Saxons. These influences have not yet completely passed away. Strange legends still exist within the county.

Brede Place, for example, in East Sussex, a fine old mansion of Henry VII.'s time, was long inhabited by the Oxenbridge family, one of whom had the unenviable reputation of being an ogre who devoured children. For many a year he was the terror of the district until one day he was found by the villagers soundly drunk and in a heavy slumber. The monster was instantly fastened down with ropes and posts, and thereafter sawn in half by the enraged country-folk. Near the spot a bridge over the stream is still called Groaning Bridge. In remote Sussex cottages many such fearsome old wives' tales are still not uncommon.

One of the illustrations shows the picturesque old farmhouse which has been actually built into the ruined but time-honoured walls of Amberley Castle. The effect, as one walks through the Castle grounds, and, emerging from an arch, suddenly comes upon this beautiful old house, is singularly pleasing. The blending of Tudor domestic architecture with the remains of the grimmer Norman period is by no means incongruous; the whole effect is, indeed, wonderfully beautiful. "God knows Amberley," as it was once called, from its supreme isolation, is, like many another Sussex village, well worth a visit.

In many of these old-world haunts of peace there are to be found cottages and farmhouses that, with a little refitting and restoration, could be made charming and most restful abodes for the weary week-end, for those who tire of the wear and tear of town life, or for those who may wish to interest themselves in gardening, fruit-growing, or the rearing of bees and poultry. Not even the motor-car has yet ruined the peace and the seclusion of these time-worn places. It will be long, indeed, before the charm of Sussex, despite its nearness to London, can be destroyed,



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A TIMBERED COTTAGE NEAR HORSHAM.

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kind is from early summer till October bright with flowers. Add to the scene some old, still sturdy, white-haired peasant, garbed in the ancient smock of the county, and the eye and mind receive an impression so pleasing that it will be long before it fades from memory.

Flint buildings are a natural outcome of the neighbourhood of the great chalk downland, the mighty mother of all the flints. In this part of the country, as a rule, forest trees were infrequent, and oak timbering is not often seen; the roofs are commonly



C. H. Hewitt. THE BIGNOR COTTAGE, SHOWING TIMBER FRAMING.

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except on the more frequented high roads. And if the incomer from the outer world imagines that the Sussex hind is being improved from the scene by the advancing tide of modern civilisation, he will, if he enquires into the matter, soon discover his mistake. The slow but enduring Saxon, who successfully resisted the influences of the Norman invasion, is not going to allow his strong and stubborn characteristics to be destroyed by the advent of a few strange folk from town.

H. A. BRYDEN.

PARISH PLACE NAMES.

AHARMLESS pastime, especially commanding itself to country clergymen with plenty of leisure time on their hands and other peaceful folk with mildly antiquarian tastes, is that which consists of compiling lists of parish place names, and endeavouring to ascertain their origin. It leads to a good deal of questioning and cross-questioning of farm-hands, parish overseers and oldest inhabitants; to much poring over old maps, deeds and records of perambulations; and frequently exposes the inoffensive investigator to baseless suspicions as to his sanity; but when once he has mounted his particular hobby-horse, it proves as fascinating as that of Uncle Toby, and neither scoffs nor remonstrances will prevent its being constantly exercised. The results of such diligent research and enquiry are to be found in numberless volumes of local magazines of the *Notes and Queries* order, reposing, in all the dignity of gold-lettered "half-leather," on the shelves of rectory studies and county town libraries; but the patient submissiveness of the many bewildered rustics who contributed largely, but unconsciously, to these solemn tomes hardly receives due acknowledgment. There is no recognition of the fact that old Betty Palmer, when she called to see the rector about her winter allowance of coal, was compelled to undergo the ordeal of having to remember the names of all the fields she had gleaned in as a child; nor is adequate compensation made for the time lost by certain parish councillors who, when a meeting was held in the schoolroom to discuss a matter of disputed parish bounds, had their remarks purposely diverted from the business of the meeting and directed towards the identification of certain ancient lanes and heath tracks with which the disputants were in no way concerned. It is, however, rather significant that the seeker after place names soon becomes exceedingly subtle in guiding the conversation of unsuspecting country-folk into retrospective grooves, usually leading into a labyrinth of disused footpaths and half-forgotten byways; while he also becomes so possessed by his hobby that it compels him to make nearly all things and all men subservient to it.

Everyone knows what it is to come under the spell of a writer who charms by his felicity of phrase, or captivates by the power of his imagination; but to the specialist in place names no such writer has half the appeal of a musty perambulation, preserved in the parish chest, maybe, since the end of the sixteenth or the

beginning of the seventeenth century. For some such stuff as the following he will willingly lay aside his Sir Thomas Browne or even his Isaak Walton: "And so following the same wood, including the same, unto the demain land called Gilbert's pictles, an i from that point to a corner close called Stonie lands, lying in Knodishall, excluding the same, and from thence along the way syding Buckhouse pittes, until you come unto a gate at Long Meadow end, and from that point turning north after the Temmar, and from thence along Cluny Wood." Here he will find more food for cogitation and conjecture than in the whole of "Relatio Medici," and until he has solved the problem of "Temmar" and satisfied himself as to the significance of a Suffolk wood being called Cluny, his mind will be troubled in the night watches, and for the oldest inhabitant there will be no peace. Manorial histories will be laboriously consulted, Celtic roots will be found in the mysterious Temmar, and the evasive Cluny will be sought through the records of as many centuries as would confer upon him the longevity of the Wandering Jew.

The number of place names to be found even in a small parish, is often surprising; every field, lane, footpath, copse and brook has its distinguishing appellation, though it may not be a

fixed one, the rustic penchant for renaming a place after some recent event, tragic or humorous, frequently leading the learned astray, and causing them to hazard conjectures and offer explanations which are far from being true ones. There may be some exaggeration in the story of the reverend gentleman, recently appointed to a country charge from a city one, who, on overhearing a farmer tell his yardboy to bring the mare in from the horse-pond, misunderstood what was said, and went home firmly convinced that he had found a trace of a Norse settlement in the name of "Thor's Pond"; but it is a fact that a place name-hunter who had never heard of the old East Anglian game of camping—a rough-and-tumble kind of football—identified in a camping-land the site of a prehistoric encampment. Such tales the cynic in matters etymological loves to tell against the deluded philologist; but the latter is usually irrepressible, and seldom open to conviction of error.

There are, however, many parish place names which need no explaining. Almost every parish has its Millway, Mill Lane, or Mill Hill, notwithstanding that there may not now be a wind or water mill within its bounds; and although very many of the old pounds have disappeared or fallen into decay, it will be a long time before anyone is puzzled to account for such names as Pound Field and Pound Corner. The same remark applies to the Gallows Hills and Gallows Heaths to be met with almost everywhere; but although most of the gibbets had disappeared before the old semaphore telegraphs fell into disuse, there are already people who need further enlightenment when they hear a certain eminence or artificial mound spoken of as Telegraph Hill. Still more are they puzzled at hearing a farm called by so curious a name as Thribskin or Noddle, while even an expert in the solving of such problems has had to confess himself beaten by a Shoe Devil Loke and a Titsel Smear. Such place names afford wide



C. H. Hewitt.

FARMHOUSE AT AMBERLEY CASTLE.

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scope for the imagination, and no one's feelings are likely to be hurt by an accurate or inaccurate explanation of them. Quite different is the case when the enquirer seeks to account for some of the Brown's, Jones's, or Robinson's Fields so plentifully dotted about the Ordnance Survey maps, for such suggestive names are usually of comparatively recent origin, and the time has not yet arrived when it is safe for the student of place names to meddle with them.

In some parishes the old-established custom of "beating the bounds" still prevails, and annually provides some amusement. It is conducive to the preservation of place names, for every year the bounds beaters are reminded of them, and by knocking the heads of small boys against gates and boundary posts they assure themselves that the rising generation will help to perpetuate them. Anyone who assists in, or witnesses, one of these bounds beatings finds that it is a rare thing to cross a farm where there is not a distinct name for every field, and most of the names are probably unaltered since the land was first enclosed; for, although farmers come and go, they make no changes in this respect, and adopt the names familiar to their farm-hands. The names of parishes and manors are more liable to alteration than the old field names, and there are pasture lands in this country which still perpetuate the names of Danish kings. Around Flodden Hill there are field names that have obviously come from the manorial system, and were probably used at the time of William the Conqueror; while in Suffolk, where many of the homestead moats are undoubtedly the work of Saxon landowners, pre-Norman place names often survive, though in more or less corrupt forms. Very numerous, too, are the field names suggestive of old battles, Bloodsdale and Bloodmoor being of common occurrence, while Deadman's Land, Bloody Furlong, Battle Croft and Challenge Field are not uncommon. In many instances, for lack of definite historical evidence of conflicts having taken place in these localities, the names are assumed to have originated in traditions of battles fought in Anglo-Saxon times; but in several places encounters during the Civil Wars are similarly commemorated, and Kingsfield, Slainsfield, The Generals and Encampment—all met with in the neighbourhood of Flodden Hill—probably date from the



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COTTAGE AT STAPLEHURST.

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famous battle. The variously named strips of arable land called rigs in Scotland, oxgangs in the North of England, balks in Cambridgeshire and elsewhere, and landshires and raps in Somersetshire, are survivals of the shots, fur-longs, or flats of the primitive days of British farming, when, too, the ings or low-lying meadows were annually divided into lots or doles, each lot having its distinguishing name or mark. In old tithe books we find much evidence of the late survival of the common field system of Saxon days, and to that system we may

trace the origin of such field names as Wolfingmere Shift, Halk Shifts, Scatchford Shift, The Strips, Wilbush Furlong and Mayor's Balk, all surviving to-day in Norfolk. Compared with these, such names as Prior's Croft, Canons' Plains, Pilgrims' Close and Abbot's Mead, although retained since monastic times, are comparatively modern. In conclusion, the field names of Great Pin, Brother Socks, Stulp Meadow, Wrong-herne and Cheamy Meare—all Norfolk names for which, as for others I have mentioned, I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. G. Clarke—may be quoted as instances of the conundrums which frequently mystify the student of place names. Equally puzzling ones are to be met with in every country district. Indeed, the subject of field names, which has been only briefly touched upon here, is a wide and interesting one, and I have no doubt that there are many readers of this article who could add much to our knowledge of it.

W. A. DUTT.

CORMORANTS.

Of the six-and-thirty species of cormorant known to science, it is doubtful whether one has earned for itself even a tolerably good name. Rather, all appear to be regarded, by common consent, as birds of filthy habits, thievish and glutinous. But it must be admitted that this verdict has been arrived at from observations, for the most part, made upon our common cormorant and its lesser relative the shag—birds which Nature has endowed with a peculiarly sinister appearance, due to the dark metallic coloration and horrid-looking green eyes. Nevertheless,



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CORMORANTS IN BREEDING PLUMAGE.

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to the naturalist the cormorant is really a most interesting bird, and one, moreover, of most ancient lineage, forming, with the darters, gannets, pelicans, frigate and tropic birds, a group apart from all other birds. To those not deeply versed in the mysteries of classification, this group is one of the easiest to distinguish, inasmuch as all the members thereof agree in having all four toes united in a common web. But there is another structural feature which these birds display, which, though generally overlooked, is even

more interesting; and this concerns the nostrils. In these birds, and in the penguins, the external nostrils are almost, or entirely, wanting, so that breathing is possible only through the mouth. That this condition of things has been brought about by a slow process of reduction may be seen from the fact that in the embryo cormorant a free passage from the external nostril to the windpipe still exists, while this passage can even be traced in the adult if the beak sheath be removed. It will then be seen that the passage is closed by the ingrowth of the edges of the original aperture piercing the sheath, which aperture is now reduced to vanishing point, and in the gannet is lost altogether. Further, in the skull of the nestling both of the gannet and cormorant, the bony "fossa" which surrounds the nasal aperture is quite normal, that is to say, is precisely like that of other birds; but as growth proceeds this space becomes filled up by bone. It is difficult to see why birds having this peculiar type of foot, and



F. J. Martin

YOUNG SHAG.

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the penguin alone among diving birds, should have suffered this loss of the external nostrils; but the fact remains.

The condition of the young at hatching-time is always an interesting point in the life-history of birds. The cormorant, like so many other species, has been forced by circumstances to adopt the expedient of reducing the food yolk of the egg, so that the young are, so to speak, prematurely hatched—that is to say, they leave the egg as naked, helpless creatures, whose eyes, for nearly a fortnight,

are sealed from the light of day. But very soon the black skin becomes covered with a thick coat of equally black down, and this is later succeeded by feathers, differing, however, entirely from those of the parents in coloration, being of a dull brown.

Helpless young, it may be remarked, occur either when the young are hatched in places at a great height from the ground, or in colonies. Though the strain on the parents, which the care of



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YOUNG CORMORANT.

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such helpless young entails, is greater, the infant mortality is less, for fewer young are lost by falling from the nest, or by death from starvation, than would be the case if they were active, as young game birds are.

Of our native birds the cormorant affords one of the best examples of the conditions of life in colonies, and on the Farne Islands, which furnished the illustrations for this article, cormorant colonies can be studied better, perhaps, than anywhere else around our coasts. Those, however, who may propose to

alone living have lost internal the addition is most interesting in the history of corone so her been circumadapted of food e.g., young peak, e. t. it is to be the black, tures, for night, the black ever, a dull

in the land, or of

visit such a colony for the first time, must be prepared to brave a most abominable stench, arising out of the filthy state of the general surroundings. But some sacrifice must be made in the pursuit of knowledge!

Where time is limited, and so much is to be observed, it is well to go prepared to make certain definite observations, and these should include the feeding of the young, and the nature of the dangers to which they are exposed. The custom of feeding the young certainly savours of nastiness from the standpoint of the mere man. When the parent returns from the sea, heavy with fish stowed away in the gullet, she perches for a moment on the edge of the big seaweed nest, when, to borrow the delightful description of Mr. MacLair Boraston, "two or three of the little brown-bodied creatures prod her throat with their bills, keeping up a gentle sing-song of their own the while, which is very pleasant to listen to. One marvels at the naughty persistency of these little creatures only less than at the long-suffering patience of their parents. At last, however, even this monumental virtue appears to give way. Her long neck writhes about, she seizes the most unfortunate of the young ones by the head, shakes him vigorously, and to all appearance swallows his head for the time being. When all the wriggling and thrusting are over, the young one withdraws his head from her gullet, satisfied, no doubt, for the time being with the portion he has been able to secure of his mother's last meal."

Checks on the undue multiplication of the species act most effectively perhaps on the unhatched and adolescent offspring. Storms sweeping their "rookeries" frequently carry away all the earlier nests and eggs, while throughout the breeding season the lesser black-backed gulls distribute themselves about the colony, ready to snatch up any egg that may for a moment be left uncovered. Should no gull be at hand, then the dainty is claimed by a crow! The down-covered nestlings, except at first, do not appear to suffer from attack, probably because they are well able to fend for themselves, or at least to assume a sufficiently defiant air to ensure respect, as may be gathered from the accompanying photograph. Later, however, when they take to the water, hundreds succumb to the struggle with wind and waves, while a further weeding out takes place during the process of acquiring the art of catching prey.

Two species of cormorant are to be met with in Great Britain. The one which is best known, perhaps, is the "common" cormorant, called also the great, or black, cormorant. It may be

distinguished by its large size, the presence of fourteen tail feathers, and when in "breeding dress" by the white patch of hair-like feathers on the throat and the large white patch on the flanks, just above the leg. The second species is much smaller, and is known also as the green or crested cormorant; it may further be distinguished by having only twelve tail feathers, and no white patches at any time. The distinctive term "crested cormorant" is a misnomer, since both species in breeding dress are crested.

Of the remaining species of cormorant, the departures they display in the matter of plumage and decorative devices, or of the wonderful flightless species, we have no space to speak here. But a word in parting may be said of one curious habit these birds all appear to share in common, and that is, their custom of standing, spread-eagle fashion, on some pinnacle after they have returned from a fishing foray, as may be seen in one of the accompanying photographs. It is an attitude so curious



P. J. Hanson.

A GROUP OF NESTS.

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that those who have once seen it are not likely to forget it. It was this attitude, coupled with the sinister appearance of the bird as a whole, which probably suggested Milton's comparison of this bird with Satan, whom he likened to a cormorant ("Paradise Lost," Book IV., 194) in the well-known passage:

So climb this first grand Thief into God's fold

Thence up he flew, and in the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a Cormorant.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

AT THE FALL

QUIETLY and softly the autumn leaves flutter downwards, making a thick russet mantle on the sodden earth, while the raindrops glisten on the shining branches, and drip, drip unceasingly, as if mourning for the dying year. On such a day the country seems desolate and devoid of life. We miss the slender forms and cheerful voices of all our summer birds, the burnished swallow flashing through the summer air and the swift's shrill scream from the clouds above. But though the leaves are falling fast, the trees still make a brave show when the sun breaks through the clouds and floods the scene with light and colour. Oak and birch and beech, chestnut and elm glow with chrome and orange, and all the richest shades of brown and russet; and the hedges, though nearly bare, are bright with berries. And though the summer birds have flown at the approach of winter, other and harder kinds from more Northern shores are ready to take their places. While yet the Southern downs and hedgerows are thronged with the rearguard of the departing army of summer, the winter invaders are already swarming in on our Eastern coasts. Scarlet hips and ruddy haws and all the other hedge-side fruits serve to sustain the flocks of fieldfares and redwings during their winter visit, besides staying the hunger of our own sturdy resident birds which stay with us

OF THE LEAF.

through fair weather and foul. The scream of the swift has given place to the "honk-honk" of the grey geese as their serried ranks pass overhead to their accustomed feeding-grounds, and over the grey and tumbling waves of the North Sea come flitting on weary wings thousands of feathered wanderers. Tired and exhausted after the terrible passage, before which stronger forms might well have quailed, fresh flocks are ever arriving and passing onwards, filling the tidal mud-flats with the whirl of innumerable wings and the skirl of many voices.

The land is now full of passing birds, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Even among our native birds there is a modified migratory movement which leads many of them to shift their quarters regularly to suit the exigencies of the varying seasons. The spirit of change is in the air and drives them forth over the face of the country, to be met with far from their ordinary haunts. Moorhens and water-rails wander by ditch and water-course, and turn up in all sorts of unexpected places. Kingfishers and dabchicks may now be seen in unlooked-for localities. Hundreds of kingfishers fall victims to the bird-catching fraternity while netting the ditches for blackbirds and thrushes. Curlews, dunlins and redshanks have forsaken the upland moors, and with their families frequent the

mud-flats of the tidal estuaries, together with godwits, knots, little stints, and all the hosts of wading birds which have left their breeding quarters in the Arctic circle. In the beech woods chaffinches are busy searching for the beechnuts, and with them their foreign cousins, the bramblings, fresh from Norwegian forests. The wood-pigeons also flock to the beech trees every autumn, and squirrels, as ruddy as the fallen leaves, come to the feast, scampering over the ground, and darting up the tree trunks in playful exuberance of spirits. The river-side, at this season, takes on a new aspect. The pollard willows, leaning aslant the shining stream, retain but a few pale yellow leaves on their pendent boughs; one of them has fallen prostrate, undermined by the rushing water. For many years it has been a familiar object, ever since the time when, as boys, we dabbled for the wily logger-headed chub with grasshopper or banded bumble-bee in the pool below, and watched the moorhens playing among the reeds. The old grey and weather-beaten trunk, gnarled and split by the passing years, and little more than a shell, has gone at last, leaving a space which is to us as the empty chair of a friend we shall never see again.

The willow herb along the bank is now dry and dead, the sedges are brown and bent; their broken stems stab the placid surface with rugged points, while the crisp and rustling reed-beds are turning sere and yellow. The loud, wild whistle of the green sandpiper is now a familiar sound on many streams, as it springs up from some muddy margin and dashes down the stream. A very different note it is from the "scape" of the snipe, which is fond of feeding in just the same sort of place. Here you may see plainly the holes made by the bird's beak where it has been probing about for worms. Besides the holes made by snipe and sandpipers, the long-toed footprints of the water-hens are noticeable in the soft surface, or perhaps the larger tracks of a heron. These wary long-necked birds are not often to be watched save at a considerable distance; but if you are provided with a good field-glass, there is no bird more interesting to watch, if you can find a good hiding-place within range. The leisurely, dignified way in which it stalks into the water—

When the lone heron forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool—

and takes up its position amid the reeds, becoming, as it were, an integral part of the scene, is in such contrast with the energy with which it delivers its stroke, and struggles with its writhing prey. If this should happen to be a good-sized eel, these struggles are very amusing to see. Many convulsive gulps are needed to

dispose of the wriggling victim, which again and again reappears in its frantic efforts to escape its impending doom, and it has to be swallowed four or five times before it can be finally disposed of.

One would suppose that acorns would be a particularly unsatisfactory food for birds which have to swallow them whole. Many kinds, however, such as wood-pigeons, jays, rooks, crows and jackdaws eat them greedily, and the pheasants' crops at this season are often packed quite full of acorns. The acorn, therefore, is an important article of food in the economy of Nature, though it can only be eaten by birds of comparatively large size. The scarlet seeds of the hornbeam, yew and mountain ash, and the white berries of the service, are eagerly sought for by the mussel-thrushes, blackbirds, song-thrushes, fieldfares and redwings, and these trees are always stripped long before the hawthorns are touched. The birds' harvest is naturally an abundant one, for, if there were no surplus left over after all the birds and beasts had satisfied their appetites, there would be no seeds for the next year. In some cases the seeds are not destroyed by being devoured by birds, which merely distribute the indigestible seeds about the country after having eaten the fruit, which, as a matter of fact, is made eatable for that very purpose. But the prodigality of Nature takes care that there shall be enough for all purposes, in spite of, perhaps in consequence of, the immense waste which is ever taking place. The thistle-covered common attracts hundreds of goldfinches and linnets when the feathery seed-tufts are ripe, but there are plenty of the fairy-like parachutes flying down the wind, each buoying up a thistle seed, more than enough to ensure a plentiful crop next year. And when food is plentiful



S. C. Stean.

MERGING INTO WINTER.

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the feasters are wasteful, dropping and spoiling more than they devour; so that, when bad times come and food is scarce, you may see half-starved birds hunting along the hedges and bushes for a stray berry which may have been left over, and eating eagerly withered and dry food which they would not have touched a week or two before. And of all the myriad acorns which fall from an oak, how many, I wonder, grow up into a tree. Some are eaten, some trampled under foot, others are left to rot in forgotten hiding-places by squirrels and mice, while perhaps, in five years one solitary sapling may survive, and in the course of a hundred years grow into a "builder oak."

As Kingsley says:

Nature is never more magnificent than in her waste.

R. B. LODGE.

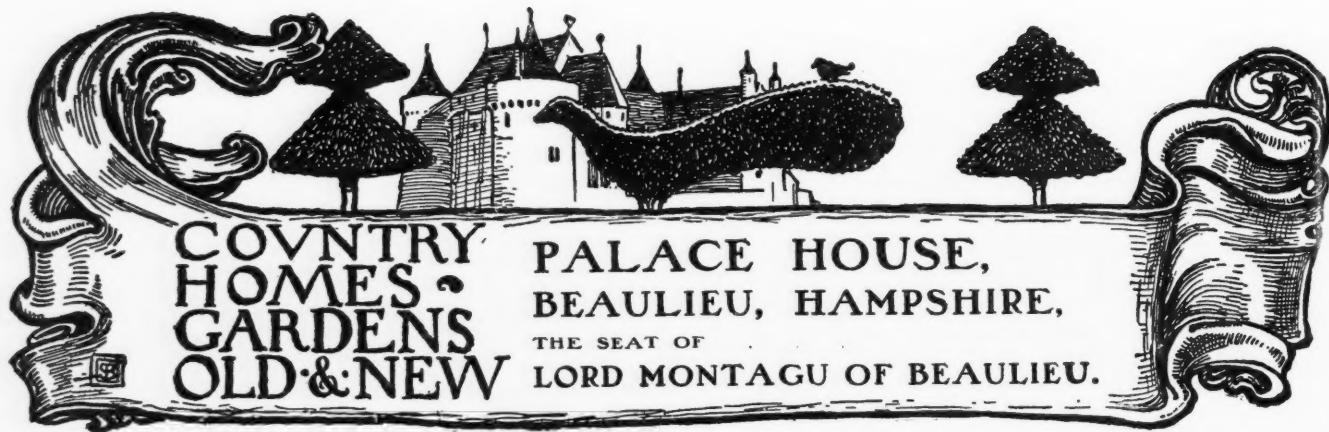
Nov. 17th, 1906.]



G. H. Capper.

"WHEN YELLOW LEAVES, OR NONE, OR FEW, DO HANG"

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BEAULIEU, a remote and beautiful abbey site, which still remains with the descendants of the Tudor lord who acquired it when the great abbeys fell, is on the edge of the New Forest, six miles from Southampton to its north, and as many from Lymington to the southward. Eastward is the broad Southampton Water, and westward runs, mile on mile, the wild forest land which has never known the plough. Of the rising of its abbey old chroniclers have a rare tale. King John, being at Lincoln, was wrath with the abbots of the Cistercian order, and falling in that same wild rage which now and again took all his house, swore that he would have wild horses trample on their bodies. But John had the anger without the bitter courage of his kinsfolk. The abbots bowed before the storm ; the King went from his council afeared for the threats he had cast at God's men, and that same night he dreamed a dream from which he woke trembling. It seemed that he was before a judge higher than the king of the English land, and that the abbots were pleading their cause with churchmen's skill. Sentence fell against him, and the abbots were given power to do judgment upon him, avenging themselves with rods and scourges in such fashion that the King awoke bruised like one who has been between pestle and mortar. As King Pharaoh before him, he arose in the morning, asking the meaning of this cruel marvel, a marvel which the clerks about him could interpret with ease. It was a great age of abbey building, although King John himself took little pleasure in the work. Here,

however, the finger pointed him the path he must needs tread. A new house must be built for the holy ones whom he had outraged with his talk of wild hoofs.

Some time before the King had planned an abbey of Cistercians at Faringdon in Berkshire, but this he abandoned, and made a new beginning. Faringdon should be a cell to a greater house, and the King, marking out land by the estuary on the Solent, settled Faringdon monks upon the site in 1204, giving them a hundred marks for their building work, a hundred cows and ten bulls for their pastures, and a gold chalice for their altar. The next year he sealed the charter, by which thirty monks on his Beaulieu foundation should hold manors and churches, remembering the King in their prayers. So the building of Beaulieu Abbey began on such a site as the monks loved, beside water which should carry them their stone and iron, beside marsh land that needed but the draining to make rich pasture, and woodland for timber and faggot.

Pope Innocent's interdict fell on the land as the monks built, mightily hindering the work, and King John was long in his grave before the roof was on. But in 1227, abbot and monks entered with great joy, and nineteen years later the cloister and other buildings were dedicated by the Bishop of Winchester, in the presence of the King and Queen, the prelates and great lords of the realm. This royal company were the cause of the breaking of the strict Cistercian rule at the very outset, for Edward, the young Prince, falling ill, must needs in



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THE COVERED MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE VIEW WALK.

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A TERRACE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that lonely place be harboured in the monastery buildings, and nothing would let but that a woman, and she a queen, who could not be denied, should be admitted to nurse him, although the rule of the Cistercians forbade that any woman should cross their threshold. At such a time royal gifts to the abbey would be given freely, but the monks were already richer than men of religion can be without scandal. In a quarrel with them which

least, belonged to every altar in the land, to the whole of the Great Close of Beaulieu, and some notable folk came at times riding for dear life through the forest paths towards the abbey. Thus came that poor soul Perkin Warbeck, leaving his army on the eve of battle, and the lady Countess of Warwick after Richard Make-a-King had been hacked down at Barnet. This right of sanctuary in the close was surely a matter of uneasy



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THE MOAT BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

he carried to Rome, a Cornish rector had described them as revelling in their goods, and a Pope had "debauched folk" as his best word for them. Not by gifts alone did their wealth increase, for their river running to the seas tempted these rich monks to trade, and ships of their owning carried corn and Gascon wine. Their privileges grew with their wealth, the most famous being the extension of that right of sanctuary which, in theory at

pride, for, writing during a vacancy of the abbot's chair in 1533, the Lord Audley held that an abbot of Beaulieu should be "one not base of stomach nor faint of heart when need should require, for the place standeth so wildly and boundeth upon a great forest and the seacoast, where sanctuary men may do much displeasure if they be not very well looked upon." The abbey's end came in a few years thereafter, and found Abbot Thomas Stephen at

Beaulieu, a man in truth of "a base stomach," who curried favour with the abbey's enemies. He complained bitterly of the lewd monks, of whom, thank God, he was soon rid, that they did not leave cell and refectory with a good grace. At this time there were found thirty-two sanctuary men in the close, there for debt, murder and felony, a rueful colony with their wives and children. The debtors were allowed to remain, but the felons, poor rogues, had to pack.

With the surrender of Beaulieu Abbey into the hands of the King's Commissioners begins anew the long history of the Fair Place by the New Forest. The abbey site fell a sweet morsel to the manor of Thomas Wriothesley, who had already the site of Titchfield on the other side of Southampton Water, beside manors which had been Quarr Abbey lands. This man, the first of the lay lords of Beaulieu, was the very mirror of the rapacious Tudor statesman. His birth was not illustrious, although his origin had been tinselled by the labours of a father, an uncle and a grandfather, heralds all, who with suspicious success had traced their pedigree to King John's time, after exchanging their original name of Wrythe for the handsome surname of Wriothesley. The College of Heralds still bears for its shield a variant of the

of Titchfield—and in a year more Lord Chancellor of England, although his entry as a student of Gray's Inn had been his sole occasion for gaining a knowledge of the law. In 1545 the Garter was buckled about his knee, so much did the King honour the ruthless and useful servant who racked Anne Askew with his own hands, who sent quaking Alderman Rede to ride in the Scots wars, who hunted down and sentenced Surrey. At Henry's death he found himself one of the executors of the King's will, and as Earl of Southampton he bore the sword at the crowning of the boy Edward. He had borne himself so surely through the parlous passages of the father's reign that under the rule of the boy king he was disposed to cast away much of the prudence by which he had steered his course. A stronger and as unscrupulous a man made a pawn of him, and when, with his help, Somerset had been cast down, Dudley, Earl of Warwick, had no further need for the Earl of Southampton. In Lincoln Place, at his Holborn town house which had been a bishop's, he died suddenly and miserably, his enemies rejoicing to believe that he had poisoned himself "fearing lest he should come to some open and shameful end."

His only surviving son did not revive the tradition of



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IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

arms of old John Wrythe, head of their corporation when Richard III. gave it its first charter. Thomas Wriothesley had begun life at the University, which he left without a degree to seek a place about the Court and to find one with Thomas Cromwell. The business of the King's divorce gave some obscure work to the young man, and we have a picture of him as a Royal despatch-bearer in straits abroad, play, apparel and bad company having accounted for fifty crowns which should have been his journey money. He was employed in secretarial work about the King at Windsor, and was already on the road to prosperity when the abbey lands came to him. On his next journey abroad we have him an ambassador, treating of a wedding between the Duchess of Milan and his sovereign lord, and incidentally trying to kidnap those English refugees, Protestant and Catholic, who were harboured on the Continent. He was knighted when Cromwell was made Earl of Essex, and when his patron fell Wriothesley remained standing, being already a man whom the King could not spare from his service.

In 1542 Chapuys the ambassador wrote of this poor herald's son that he and a certain Earl all but governed everything in England. In the next year he was a peer—Lord Wriothesley

success, the chief events in his life being his tangling himself with those who would have had Norfolk marry the Queen of Scots and his imprisonment for four years in the Tower for tampering with conspiracy. Henry, the third Earl, makes a more gallant figure, the patron to whom Shakespeare dedicated both "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," and perhaps the mysterious friend of the Sonnets. He it was who ordered the presentation of "Richard II." at the Globe Theatre, to accustom the people to the sight of a sovereign's deposition, on the day before he was to join Essex's desperate rising. The fourth and last of these Earls of Southampton was Thomas Wriothesley, the grave lord who followed King Charles I. dutifully, but with melancholy apprehensions of the evils to come, and served King Charles II. so honestly that his ill-humour was borne with. His daughter Elizabeth carried Beaulieu to Ralph Montagu of Boughton, an elder daughter being that Rachel, Lady Russell, who stands in the history book as the example of wifely virtues.

The marriage of Elizabeth Wriothesley united two English houses established at the fall of the monasteries, the Lord Montagu being the descendant of a chief justice who had the Northamptonshire estates of the great abbey of Bury

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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GARDEN-HOUSES OF THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

St. Edmunds. His tomb is still to be seen at Weekley, and "for one pleasure a thousand sorrows" is the saying upon it. Ralph Montagu, Elizabeth's husband, declared for William of Orange, and climbed the peerage step by step, Viscount Monthermer and Earl of Montagu, Marquess of Monthermer and Duke of Montagu. John Montagu, the second Duke, came little into politics. London knew him as son-in-law of the great Marlborough, and as the merry Duke who planned that monstrous hoax which filled a London theatre with those who came agape to see a man carry out the promise of a widely-cast advertisement by climbing into a quart bottle. But Beaulieu knew him better as "John the Planter," the Duke who would have made a new Bristol of Beaulieu by building a port to which his islands of St. Vincent and St. Lucia should send their rich cargoes. To Buckler's Hard, by Beaulieu, he brought Chatham and Deptford ship-builders, and here the craft flourished until 1812, the Agamemnon, the Euryalus and the Swiftsure, ships of the line at Trafalgar, having all been launched from Buckler's Hard. At his death in 1749 a daughter again took Beaulieu, Mary Montagu bringing it to her husband George Brudenell, fourth Earl of Cardigan, who took the name of Montagu and became first and last Duke of Montagu of a new creation. A cadet line from Dukes of Buccleuch, descendants of Elizabeth his daughter and heir, has since succeeded to Beaulieu, whose present owner is the second Lord Montagu of Beaulieu of a creation of 1885. Thus through four families the line of Thomas Wriothesley, the first grantee of the abbey site, remains at Beaulieu.

Of the great abbey church the plan is to be traced upon the ground by the curious antiquary. The thirteenth century refectory still serves as parish church, remarkable for its stone pulpit, reached by an arcade in the wall, from which as the Cistercians sat at their well-covered table the reader gave out histories and homilies. And the noble line of arches which mark the ruined cloister still remains. The Palace House, where the Lord Montagu of Beaulieu has his home, is built up upon the core of the old gate-house of the abbey. Its hall, on which the entry gives, has a good groined roof of decorated work, and certain upper rooms have Tudor panels of oak carved with the fringed linen pattern. The mullioned windows were put in when Sir Arthur Blomfield restored the house. A moat and turreted wall recall the age of Duke John the Planter. In his time the French frigates' sails were too often seen on the narrow seas to allow a great nobleman to live safely in an unarmed house so near the creek, where a long-boat's crew might have come up stream to carry away a noble prisoner.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME ROSES RECENTLY NOTICED.

WE have visited several of the more important English nurseries recently, and noticed the following Roses as worthy of a place in all gardens. Most of them were flowering as gaily as in the summer month, but the freest was

George Nabonnand, which Messrs. Paul and Son of Cheshunt consider the most beautiful Tea Rose in autumn. The plants in their nursery in the first week in October were as full of bloom as the same ones in the full summer. George Nabonnand has been introduced many years into our gardens, but not until recently have its lovely petals won the rosarian's heart. The growth is strong, the foliage clean and free from mildew, and the graceful flowers are a mingling of soft yellow and pink-rose, while there is the true Tea fragrance.

Nellie Johnstone.—We were charmed with this new Tea Rose in the same nursery. It was raised by Messrs. Paul and Son by crossing the Tea Roses Mme. Berkeley and Catherine Mermet. A small bush was full of plants in bloom, and on a dull October day we stepped into a crowd of flowers as winsome in colour as any Tea Rose in the garden. The plant has many virtues. It is satisfactory in pots, strong and clean in growth, and the flowers hold themselves above the stems, the colour a peculiarly pure pink, painted on

broad firm petals. The house was filled with the sweet Tea perfume we associate with this race of Roses. It is also a satisfactory plant outdoors—a Rose that will give a good account of itself under all general conditions.

Waltham Rambler, raised by Messrs. William Paul and Son of Waltham Cross, is one of the prettiest of climbing Roses. It belongs to what is known as the Multiflora or Polyantha class, and has the great merit of blooming over a longer season than the majority of its class. One drawback to climbing Roses, with few exceptions, is their brief flower-life; but Waltham Rambler will linger into August, when its pink white-centred flowers seem to have a richer beauty than earlier in the season. Waltham Rambler is a Rose for arch, pergola, or fence.

Hiawatha.—Visitors to the Temple Show of the Royal Horticultural Society will remember the sensation Messrs. William Paul's remarkable plants of this Rose caused in their group. Since then we have heard much of this American introduction, and can foresee a great future for it. The plants at Waltham Cross show immense vitality, the vigorous shoots, clothed with leaves of a similar pale green to those of the Crimson Rambler, suggesting



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BEAULIEU ABBEY, THE CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that the pergola will gain by having this free-growing Rose to clasp the supports and fling its trails of crimson flowers hither and thither. It will rival Crimson Rambler for dazzling colouring.

Richmond.—The Hybrid Tea Richmond has been discussed lately more than any of the newer Roses. We are told it is of use only for forcing, but beds of it we saw recently did not confirm this, the flowers not losing a shade of their bright crimson colouring. It is, in our opinion, an advance on Liberty. It is more brilliant, as sweet, and as strong in growth. Crimson colours are wanted in the Hybrid Tea section, and this is one for rosarians to welcome.

BEAUTIFUL SHRUBS FOR PLANTING AGAINST WALLS (Continued).

Fuchsias.—The most satisfactory to our mind of this beautiful family is F. Riccartoni. It is a sturdy shrub, which never fails to flower for weeks in the year, little crimson blooms which hang in profusion from the arching stems. We planted it on a hot and dry border, and never expected even the growth it has made under very adverse conditions for a shrub which revels in a moist climate and deep soil. It makes quite a bush, and blooms until the frost.

It is wise to protect the roots with cocoanut fibre refuse, or coal ashes, as they are decidedly tender. Very beautiful also are *F. corallina*, *F. globosa*, *F. gracilis* and *F. macrostemma*, but our favourite is *F. Riccartoni*, which was raised in the year 1830 at Riccarton, N.B.

Garrya elliptica.—This has a winter beauty, when its catkins hang in profusion from the shoots, tassels of delicate green from foliage of a darker green. It is grown as a bush in the Southern Counties, but generally a warm corner is necessary for its welfare, as it is by no means very hardy. It grows as a rule about 10ft. high, and requires a light loamy soil. The catkins are of much value for decorations in winter, and we always use them for this purpose. A few of the shoots in a tall vase have a quiet beauty which we esteem in the cool light of winter's day.

The Pomegranate.—The Pomegranate, or *Punica granatum*, to give its botanical name, is seldom seen growing in the open garden in these isles, but it is a success against a warm wall at the Royal Gardens, Kew, and therefore is one of the rarer shrubs we may include in this list. It flowers, too, and the double scarlet variety reminds one of a small *Lapageria*, a waxy, neat bloom of more than ordinary interest. As the Pomegranate comes from Persia it will be seen that tenderness in this country is one of the drawbacks. Select, therefore, the warmest place for it on the wall, and plant it well in a rich loamy soil. It is one of those shrubs that are worth planting for the sake of the variety they give and their fine appearance. It is deciduous.

Stuartia Pseudo-camellia.—A Japanese shrub which ranks with the *Eucryphia* and *Carpenteria*, but rarely seen in gardens. It belongs, as the name indicates, to the *Camellia* family, and under favourable circumstances

grows to a height of 12ft. or more, flowering freely during the summer months. The flowers are cream, which is intensified by the reddish sepals, a beautiful harmony of colouring. Protection from the north and east is desirable, and the soil should be largely composed of peat.

RANDOM NOTES.

The Starworts, or Michaelmas Daises, among Shrubs.—One of the pleasantest features of modern gardening is the introduction of hardy flowers to the woodland, and this is exemplified at this season by the Starworts, or perennial *Asters*. No flower imparts a more graceful beauty to the shrubbery than the taller *Asters*, which sling out in the wildest way their flower-starred stems. Rain and frost have little effect upon them, and we can enjoy this flower beauty far into the autumn. We noticed lately in the Royal Gardens, Kew, groups of *Asters* in front of a shrubbery, and no happier place could be devised, a perfect sea of colour gaining in attractiveness against the background of green foliage.

Dividing the Perennial Sunflowers.—The more one becomes acquainted with the great world of flowers the more one learns of the habits of its many members. The perennial Sunflower, or *Helianthus*, is an illustration of the fact that to understand plants it is essential to grow them one's self. A large group of *Helianthus* Miss Mellish flowered gloriously three years ago, the autumn after it was planted; but this year, the same group, although it has increased greatly, has only two or three weakly spikes. The lesson to be learnt from this is that the roots should have been divided last year, the growth having become quite matted, and therefore incapable of throwing the forest of waving stems we are accustomed to see in the autumn of the year.

THE QUORN KENNELS.



STABLES AND QUARTERS OF WHIPPERS-IN.

THE removal of the Quorn Hounds from Quorndon to the new kennels at Pawdry Cross Roads seems, perhaps, more of a break with the past than it is in reality. The kennels at Quorndon are neither the first kennels of the pack, nor has its residence in them been continuous. When Mr. Meynell, in 1753, first began to hunt the country, which included, but far exceeded in size, the present Quorn country, he lived at Langton Hall, where Captain Warner, himself a past Master of the Quorn, now lives, and the kennels were at Great Bowden Inn. If we drive out from Market Harborough towards Leicester, on the right-hand side of the road, shortly after passing Hill Crest and at the bottom of the hill, we shall see the large, bare, red building that is the cradle not only of

the Quorn, but of the Meynell, the Atherstone and Mr. Fernie's Hunts, all of which are wholly or in part offshoots of the Quorn.

At that time Quorndon Hall belonged to the Lord Ferrers of that period, from whom it was rented by a club of fashionable hunting men. Mr. Meynell bought Quorndon and built kennels there, and the hounds were then first called the Quorn. Here they remained during the historic period when Lord Sefton, Lord Foley, Mr. Assheton-Smith and Mr. Osbaldeston (twice) were in turn Masters. To these kennels came from Belvoir the famous Furrier, whose blood, through the Duke of Rutland's Rally wood, Weather gauge and Gambler, runs in the veins of half the foxhounds of our day.

But Lords Southampton and



ON THE BENCHES: AN OFF DAY.

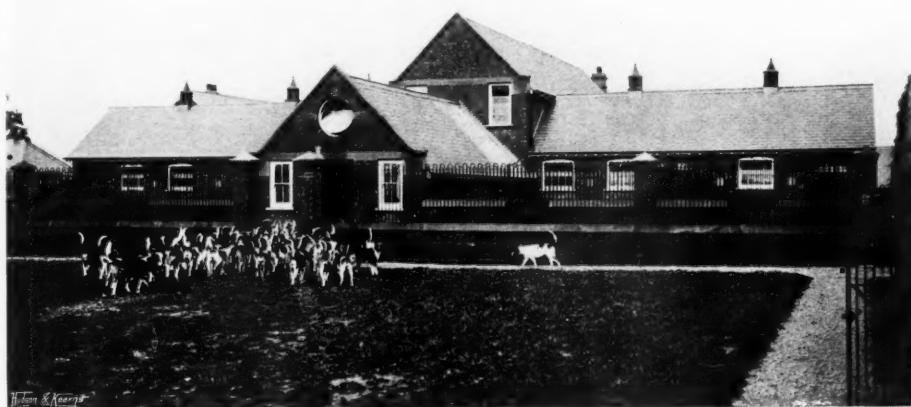
Suffield moved the hounds — the former to Humberston, the latter to Billesdon, while Sir Harry Goodricke, in his turn, built kennels at Thrussington. Sir Richard Sutton made the Quorn kennels his headquarters; but kept on the Billesdon kennels for the Harborough county, which afterwards became part of Mr. Tailby's. Thus it is quite in accordance with precedent that the bounds should be moved. Nor was the change ever more necessary. Quorn is becoming a suburb of Leicester, and it was desired, moreover, that the hunt should have kennels of its own. Our ideas of space and sanitation for hounds are different from those of our forefathers, and a nice commodious place for the pack was necessary for health and efficiency. Cleanliness and cubic space are needed for hounds and these they now have.

The pictures with which this article is illustrated give us an idea of the requirements of a first-rate pack of hounds, and, incidentally, a sketch of the hound's life. Those who see a huntsman in his pink coat, riding a fine horse, in the midst of a splendid pack, are apt to think his an enviable life. I may say from experience, having tried my hand at kennel management, that it is not an easy one. Here we have it before our eyes. True, the huntsman has a comfortable house, but he must be prepared to leave it early and come back to it late. No huntsman can be



CORRIDOR BEHIND HOUNDS' LODGING ROOMS.

hunt servant's work may be and is enjoyable to him, or he is no use, but it is work, both hard and trying, and he cannot do it well unless he has the tools to work with and reasonably comfortable quarters to live in.



THE GRASS YARD.

successful, whether he is an amateur or a professional, unless he spends a great deal of time with his hounds. But if, as we see here, the lodging rooms are comfortable — look how comfortably the hounds are resting on their bracken beds after a hard day's work, and there are grass yards into which they can run and plenty of shelter — the work is made much less onerous. I particularly draw attention to the benefit to both the men and the hounds of the corridor, which gives access under cover to the lodging rooms.

Then there is the hounds' food, which is a most important matter. Old oatmeal and horseflesh broth (given warm or cold), with or without flesh chopped up in it. In any case it must be perfectly cooked in scrupulously clean vessels. Most huntsmen would agree that hounds require some flesh, and I think that if a hound is a delicate feeder or out of coat, a little raw meat is the best of tonics. Besides this, there must be separate kennels for the whelps, separate yards for the young hounds, and hospitals isolated from the kennels for sick or invalidated hounds.

All these things have been provided at the new Quorn kennels, and at a very moderate cost, about £12,000. There is, I believe, accommodation for one hundred couple of hounds. There are stables for the hunt horses, and last, but not least, comfortable accommodation for the men. The

FROM THE FARMS.

SMALL HOLDINGS.

WE understand that at the last meeting of the Small Holdings Committee the draft report was brought up and finally signed, so that in all probability it will soon be in the hands of the public. No one is likely to say that there has been any undue hurry. Indeed, a certain amount of inconvenience has been caused by the fact that the Land Tenure Bill and the Small Holdings Bill have been simultaneously under consideration. They deal with different branches of the same subject, and the legislation of one of them is almost

certain to overlap the other. Meantime, it is worth noticing that among local authorities there is considerable activity. At the last meeting, for instance, of the Northumberland County



BOILING HOUSE.

Council it was decided to hold an enquiry into what had been done elsewhere, both in other counties and abroad, for the provision of small holdings. It was fairly evident from the discussion which took place that a considerable number of those present were in favour of taking action, and the result of the enquiry will be awaited with interest. From many other quarters we hear of individuals who are forming schemes to create small holdings and acquiring information on the point. Our own opinion is that, if the change were brought about by voluntary and individual effort, the results would probably be more satisfactory than any secured by legislation. The former course would, at all events, generate much less friction than the latter. Public opinion has set very decidedly in favour of small holdings during recent years, and they have come to be regarded by most of those qualified to form an opinion as offering the only attraction likely to keep the labourer on the soil.

SHORTHORN SALES IN SCOTLAND.

In the *Aberdeen Free Press* for November 2nd there is a very interesting review of the shorthorn sales in Scotland which have taken place during the present year. It is evident that the Northern part of Great Britain is rapidly regaining its reputation as the home of the shorthorn. In Aberdeenshire and its neighbourhood breeders have proved themselves able to compete worthily with those in any other part of the world. Our contemporary gives some curious facts to illustrate the great change that has taken place. Twenty years ago the aggregate sum realised by the animals sold at public auction was £13,924, or an average for 743 head of £18 14s. 9d. Now what a contrast to this is offered by the sales of the present year—1,951 head have been sold for a total sum of £67,386 8s. 6d., or an average of £64 2s. 3d. In other words, the value of the individual pedigree shorthorn has been more than tripled in the course of twenty years. The greatest individual successes that went to produce this remarkable result were the extraordinary average of £471 9s. obtained by Lord Lovat for eight yearling bulls at Perth, and—scarcely less wonderful—the average of £304 15s. 10d. obtained by Mr. W. Duthie. Apart from celebrated breeders, however, it has to be noted that tenant farmers in Aberdeenshire have many great successes to their credit. For them the rearing of pedigree shorthorns is a business of the most remunerative kind, and it is pleasant to take note of their success. Curiously enough, the rise of the shorthorn has been accompanied by a falling off in the popularity of what used to be the most characteristic breed of this part of the world, viz., the Aberdeen-Angus. The year's average for 1,275 Aberdeen-Angus cattle was £22 5s. 11d., a slight falling off on the average of the last few years. The most conspicuous success was obtained by Sir George Macpherson Grant, who, in the spring, sold eight yearling bulls at Perth for an average of £164 19s. 8d. It would appear, therefore, that the shorthorn is overshadowing his black competitor.

THE ANIMALS' WATER SUPPLY.

In the North of England and Scotland no difficulty exists in regard to the supplying of water in the fields, but, on the contrary, the farmer has frequently reason to complain of too much water. In the South it is very different. Water famines are of very frequent occurrence, and the experience this year has led a great many people to consider how a permanent water supply could be laid on. Of course, the problem is one that the individual farmer must solve for himself, as it depends so largely upon local conditions. Where land lies high the old-fashioned dew-pond is still as effective a contrivance as one knows of. But in many of the hilly districts the difficulty lies in distributing the water. In the Wold country of Berkshire and Wiltshire animals are allowed to wander over large areas, and the question of distribution is not so important. But where the land is tilled in moderate-sized fields the case is different. We know of

one estate where the water is pumped to the highest point, and then distributed by gravitation, so that each field has an adequate supply of pure running water. But it would be useless to deny that this is a costly method of proceeding, and can be resorted to only by those who have plenty of capital. Others are accustomed to make what use they can of such wells, rivers and ponds as may happen to be on the farm. Many of these are polluted to a degree that would be almost incredible; but luckily the stomach of the working animal is not so delicate as that of a human being, and cases of animal disease that can be traced directly to the polluted water are extremely rare. One would have thought that the horse-ponds in the South of England at the time of drought would have been enough to poison all the animals on the farm. If the pond was not dry altogether, it contained only a muddy substance polluted by water-fowl, horses, cows and other livestock. Yet we heard of no case of death that could be traced to an animal drinking from one of these ponds.

WILD LIFE . . . PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society at the New Gallery furnished striking illustration of the immense strides which photography has made in the last few years, especially in relation to the study of natural history. One need not yet be beyond middle age to remember the wide public interest aroused by the first "action" photographs of horses and other animals in motion.



O. G. Pike.

WHITE-TAILED EAGLE.

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It was some years later that the earliest studies of wild birds and mammals in their natural state were published in this country and in America. Now, in all parts of the world the camera is largely supplanting the collector's gun, and of the two weapons the camera needs no less skill and patience, and often greater courage in its use.

Not a week passes in which this paper does not publish photographs which would have been incredible even ten years ago. The camera is revealing to us all the most secret ways of the wild things; and what it reveals it registers permanently, so that not the single student only, but anyone who will,



F. Martin Duncan. STUDY OF YOUNG GULL. Copyright

is put in possession of the facts. Conspicuously valuable has been—and is still destined to be—the work of the micro-photographer, which brings the most minute things—diatoms, spores and pollen grains—and all the tiniest members and most invisible processes of Nature in the animal and vegetable world visibly before our eyes, for permanent preservation and reference, on practically whatever scale we please. In this exhibition there are missing from the catalogue the names of some of the best-known workers in the field of Nature photography; but even so there are here, in the natural history department alone, the productions of over forty artists, many of them women, each working faithfully in his or her own line, and all showing infinite care and often painstaking and scholarly research.

W. Wilson.



F. Martin Duncan. A BALANCING FEAT. Copyright

Some of the most interesting studies come from places far outside the British Isles. Many of the rarer British birds are brought familiarly to us in delightful attitudes—golden and white-tailed eagles, kites, great crested grebes, stone curlews, wrynecks and many others. We see how the young stone curlew squats among the pebbles more like a frog than a bird, and is protected from enemies by its amazing assimilation to the surroundings. We are shown young merlins sitting cuddled together in their nest, very fluffy, but with all their fluff ferociously predatory of countenance. A long series of pictures shows every stage in the wonderful operation by which the young cuckoo ejects other young birds or eggs from the nest. It is an operation which we all knew was performed, and some few people have been lucky enough to see it in progress; but in these pictures we can all at our leisure see how each stage in the Herculean task is managed, and with what seeming earnestness of purpose, though the actions must be purely instinctive, the young bird, only two or three days old, sets itself to work. From the moment when the infant Nero gets the egg, which is to be obtruded into the hollow in its back, until it has heaved it over the edge of the nest, almost every limb and muscle that it possesses is brought into play. Using the leverage of its wings against the bottom of the nest, it hoists itself upwards and backwards until its head is thrown clear back between its shoulders.

Owing largely to the fact that it habitually breeds in the immediate vicinity of London, and partly also because it generally chooses as its nesting site a position surrounded by open and unobstructed water, so that it can be watched through glasses with comparative ease, the habits of the great crested grebe are better known than those of many commoner birds. We see here some of the intimate details of the bird's family life. We see how the male bird brings fish to the female, and how she, taking the fish, feeds therewith the young chick under her wing.

We see the female grebe uncovering her eggs and again removing the fragments of eggshell from the nest after the young has hatched, and the male bird swimming about with the chick on his back. Not much less interesting is what might almost be called a diary of the home life of the missel-thrush, wherein in six photographs we read how the bird feeds its young, and how it goes about to cleanse its nest; while if anyone doubts that many birds habitually turn their eggs over with their bills, so as to get the "other side" up, here



MERLIN CHICKS.

Copyright

we have a life-size picture of the oyster-catcher caught in the act.

When white clover is fertilised by bees, it is, of course, fertilised a floret at a time. The outer ring of florets on a head of blossom open first and are first fertilised, and when once a floret has been fertilised nothing is to be gained, but much damage might be done, by any further interference by other bees. So as each individual floret is attended to it protects itself by drooping from its erect position and, as it were, shrivelling up. We are all familiar with clover heads on which the outer rings of florets droop dead-looking and withered, while those in the centre are still erect, many of them perhaps not yet out of bud. The drooping flowers have all been fertilised and need no more attention, while those in the middle still invite the visit of the passing bee. Ultimately each separate floret is fertilised, and the whole head becomes brown and lifeless. A series of photographs shows us the whole process from the drooping of the first florets at the circumference to the complete collapse of the whole head; and no one who has once seen these pictures can ever forget the sequence of events or misunderstand the significance of any half-withered clover blossom that he sees.

In ichthyology the collection contains a group of photographs of fourteen species of British fresh-water fishes, which is a larger number than the average man could even name off hand; while in entomology the things of interest are almost innumerable, whether in the form of life-size pictures displaying the life history of individual insects, or in photo-micrographs, which set before us the structure of minute organisms so that they become as easily intelligible as if they were studied through the microscope itself. Thus in each department the camera is daily making contribution to our sum of knowledge, not necessarily always by revealing new facts, but by fixing permanent record of what has perhaps already been observed, in infinitely greater detail than could ever be conveyed by verbal description. It is, beyond question, the most valuable aid to education that has been discovered since the invention of the printing press.

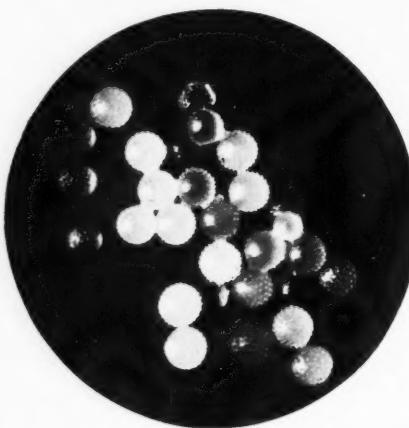
Just as the appliances of to-day were outside the ken of all but scientific dreamers twenty years ago, so we may be assured that in the future the possibilities are going to be immensely enlarged and the work greatly facilitated for popular use. The production of photo-micrographs will be a pastime of the school-room — possibly of the nursery — to another generation. At present those who have not attempted it can have little idea of the amount of patience, labour and even physical hardship which go to the making of an adequate series of pictures of any wild thing living, without suspicion of human presence, its ordinary life. How much this work is going to be made easier by the application of the principle of the telephoto lens we can as yet hardly guess. What every observer of Nature now longs for is that, when strolling casually with his hand camera, he may be able to make instantaneous snap-shots of smaller objects in life size,



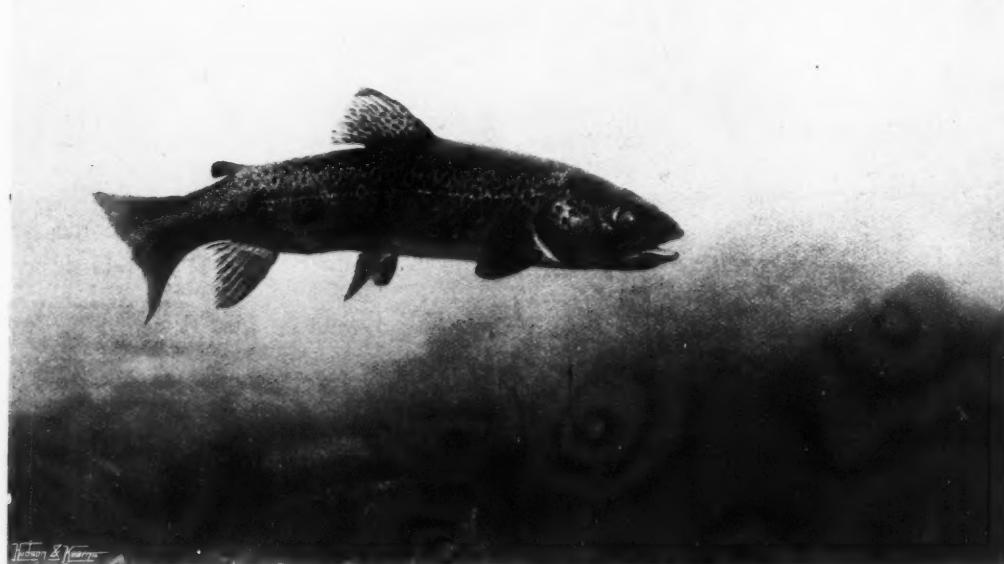
H. Main. COMMA & PEACOCK BUTTERFLIES. Copyright.

even if at a range of a few feet. What a delightful companion one's walks the camera will then become, when, without any preliminary preparation and as unconcernedly as now one photographs a building or a figure, one can take snap-shots of the nest found in the hedge, the goldfinch fluttering on a thistle head, the humming-bird hawk moth hovering at the tobacco plant, the redpoll hanging (as it will hang almost within arm's reach) to the birch seeds and the goldcrest among the pine needles, the wasp capturing its prey in the air or on a leaf, the moth at rest on the tree trunk, the butterfly sunning itself on a flower, spiders fighting in their web, the June beetle among the rose petals or the bee rifling the sweet peas; in fact, any bird or blossom or leaf or insect that takes one's fancy! Nor is it possible to doubt that this will be attained. Meanwhile, the progress that has been made is marvellous enough, and if the higher branches of photography still need the skill and patience and painstaking care, all the more credit is due to those who succeed in giving us the admirable results which we get to-day.

H. P. R.



G. H. Rodman. POLLEN OF HOLLYHOCK. Copyright.



Er. F. Ward.

A TROUT IN HIS NATIVE ELEMENT.

Copyright.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE CLOSE OF THE SALMON-FISHING.

ON the 31st of last month the salmon angling closed for the year on the majority of our Scottish rivers, although the Tweed remains open to the angler till the end of November. The last fortnight of October saw a great improvement in sport, and during that time a great many salmon of large size were killed. In marked contrast to the state of matters earlier in the season, the rivers were almost daily in spate, and the shoals of fish that were waiting at the estuaries for a fresh crowded up the rivers. On the last day of October I hooked an exceptionally big fish, which would, the gillie assured me, have been the fish of the year. When hooked he went off like lightning, and in a minute or so had taken out all my line and broken it with the greatest of ease. He took the bait quite near the bank, so I had a good view of his exceptional size. While fishing, I remarked on the great numbers of dippers on the river, and noticed a flock of black-headed gulls flying down the stream, which is exceptionally late for them to be seen so far inland. A good many people assert that autumn fishing should be prohibited, as the salmon take the rivers solely for the purpose of spawning, and every female fish killed destroys many eggs, which would probably in due course hatch out into parr. This is, undoubtedly, true; but, still, if these fish were caught in the spring the chance of their spawning would be destroyed just as certainly. Should the fish be kept back from the river by the smallness of the water they will lose their silvery appearance and become red even in the sea, and this year many fresh-run fish have been taken almost ripe for spawning and quite dark.

AN OCTOBER SNOWSTORM

During the third week of October a very severe snow blizzard was experienced in the Aberdeenshire uplands, where many of the roads were rendered impassable by the deep wreaths which formed on them. On the 22nd of that month I attempted to motor over from Upper Don-side to Balmoral Castle, but after getting through several wreaths in good style the car at length came to a standstill near the summit of the hill. It was a most interesting and exciting experience to feel the back wheels racing round furiously without biting at all in the snow. Ultimately the car was turned with difficulty, and we returned by the way we came. The river Don and its tributaries were, perhaps, in higher flood than I had ever seen them before, and it was noticed that at one point a substantial wooden bridge had been washed away. Many of the red grouse had descended to the fields, and were busy feeding in the stubble. On Upper Don-side, where the valley is very narrow, it is a most interesting sight to watch the grouse crossing in the evening from one mountain range to another. High and straight they fly as a rule, but sometimes descend to the fields in the hope of picking up some food there. This part of Aberdeenshire boasts of the highest cultivated land in the United Kingdom, and at Cockbridge several fields of oats are regularly grown at a height of over 1,500ft. above sea-level. Naturally the harvest at this height is by no means an early one, but, strange to say, this season the crops were all secured in good order during the early part of October, while at districts standing almost at sea-level at the present date of writing the corn is still standing in the fields in a pitiable condition, growing badly, and with the straw almost black, owing to long exposure to wind and rain. Although the farmers with their crops in this condition are greatly to be pitied, yet one cannot help thinking that all this could have been avoided had the fine weather been taken full advantage of. For the last week it has rained almost incessantly, and the rivers Dee and Don are in exceptionally high flood, and one hears of salmon being found on the fields adjoining these rivers. In spite of the inclement weather the swallows have stayed with us long this year, and as late as October 24th I noted a solitary house-martin, while a few days before a yellow-hammer was in full song.

THE BLUE OR MOUNTAIN HARE.

The mountain hare belongs essentially to the mountain and the mist, and is rarely met with away from the moorlands. Like most animals and birds which live during the winter among snow-clad wastes, the "blue hare" in winter becomes the "white hare," when its coat is as spotlessly white as the snow itself. Often when there has been a strong "fresh" for several days on end, and the snow has nearly all melted, the white hares show out marvellously clear against the brown heather, and it appears as if the very snowdrifts have taken life and are careering about the hillside. It seemed one Christmas Day, as I was climbing a mountain about 3,000ft. high, and famous for its blue hares, that the hares near the foot of the hill were not nearly so spotlessly white as their brothers on the summit, but possibly those on the lower reaches of the hill had not yet donned their full winter coat. The mountain hare is a great favourite in the golden eagle's larder; and, in fact, on a hillside where there is an eyrie in the vicinity there is scarce a hare to be found, while on a hill miles from the nearest eyrie I have seen quite fifty in the space of an hour or so. I think that where the golden eagle is common mountain hares are rather more confiding than elsewhere, and often by careful stalking one can approach to within a few yards of them. Usually when a hare is captured by a golden eagle the eagle holds its captive

so that, if possible, the latter's head may point in the same direction as its own, for a hare is no light weight for even an eagle to carry a long distance. The leverets are usually brought into the world early in May, but it is some time before they become fully grown. In winter, when hard frost prevails, and the hillsides are snow-bound, the footprints of the hares, if followed up, will be seen to lead to some spring which has withstood the frost, and where bird and beast assemble to drink. A peculiar trait of this interesting animal is its habit of sitting on its hind legs with its forepaws hanging in a most comical manner, as it watches intently to see what danger threatens.

A ROBIN'S STRANGE QUARTERS.

A short time ago, while walking through the principal railway station of one of the largest Scottish towns, I was astonished to hear a robin in full song somewhere close by. I at first imagined it must be a caged bird, but ultimately located it perched near the roof and singing merrily. This was the more extraordinary as there was not a tree or shrub anywhere near for the small songster to retire to, so it looked very much as if he had taken up his quarters there for the winter. This autumn the robin has had, as regards song, to give place to the little brown wren, which has, for the past month, been in full song. Day after day they hardly cease singing from early morning till night, and their song is just as full and powerful as was the case in spring. Besides the robin and the wren, we have to cheer us through the winter the sweet song of the water-ousel, and only the other day I was surprised to hear the nesting whistle of the curlew. Looking up to get a sight of the bird, I found I had been deceived by an old starling, which was perched on a tree-top near, and seemed to be well pleased at the result of his little trick. The starling is a first-rate mimic, and imitates to perfection the song of the barn swallow, a song which I have never heard any other bird attempt to copy.

THE LAPWING'S STRANGE DISLIKE TO THE HERON.

The lapwing or green plover is by nature a singularly hot-tempered bird, if one may use the expression, and the inoffensive old heron seems to the pewepew to be as a red rag to a bull. Often have I seen a "craggit heron," as he is called in Scotland, flying peacefully over the nesting-grounds of a colony of lapwings, which invariably rise in the air and give the heron a very bad time of it indeed, and it is laughable to see the ungainly bird making clumsy efforts to avoid the fierce swoops of his determined assailants. Often the heron will utter a sort of scream of terror as he makes off as fast as ever he can, with the whole colony in hot pursuit. It may be said that the lapwings do this in defence of their eggs and young, and I was of the same opinion until quite recently, when, as late as September, I noticed a flock of lapwings chase a heron from their ground just as determinedly as in the spring months. It may possibly be that the plovers mistake the heron for some large bird of prey, such as the golden eagle, which would at once explain their conduct, as they are afraid of nothing, and will mob a golden eagle without the least hesitation. In Scotland the heron has always the term "craggit," i.e., long-necked, prefixed to his name. In connection with this bird rather an amusing incident occurred lately. An ornithologist asked an old man on the seacoast if there were many herons in the neighbourhood. The native seemed rather dazed, but replied that there were. In the course of the conversation the stranger mentioned the fact that although the herons lived principally on fish they were incapable of swimming. Upon this the puzzled native retorted, "Weel, weel, they wad be jist as abie tae swim as ony ither fish." He was under the impression that the herring was being referred to.

SETON P. GORDON.

SHOOTING.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE GAME-EGG GUILD.

AN interesting point to many owners and lessees of shootings is given a very prominent place in the seventh, recently issued, annual report of the committee of the Game-egg Guild. It refers to the assessment of shootings for rating, and is introduced in the form of a letter from Mr. Robert Menzies of 17, Victoria Street, Westminster, who has at one time and another acted in the capacity of agent to Lord Walsingham, Lord de Ramsey and Lord Loch, and, as the report states, "has given expert evidence in the Duke of Grafton's and other recent sporting-rate appeals."

The gist of the matter is stated in the following paragraph of the letter from Mr. Robert Menzies which he addressed to the chairman of the guild last June, and which is given *in extenso* in the report at present before us: "A great deal of misunderstanding is, I think, due to the fact that many shootings are let at an inclusive so-called rent, the owner paying the whole of the expenses of rearing the game, and in many cases himself selling the game; but this, I would suggest, is not a 'rent' in the ordinary sense of the term, and means something very different from the 'net annual value' as defined in the Parochial Assessment Acts, 1836." Mr. Menzies clears up his meaning further by saying that "it is the value of the right of sporting which is due to the *natural capabilities of the land*, which is the proper subject for assessment, and not a sum which may be obtained for a right of killing a large number of pheasants which may have been artificially reared at great expense, or may have been reared elsewhere altogether."

There can be little doubt that this is a perfectly just contention, and that the assessment on the whole value for which the sporting right is let, according to the case above supposed, is based altogether on a wrong foundation. Mr. Menzies further illustrates his point by likening the ground in its natural condition—that is to say, before a large head of artificially-reared pheasants have been put upon it—to an unfurnished house, as

compared with a furnished house, to which he likens the same land when garnished with pheasants. It is the lettable value of the unfurnished, not of the furnished, house which is properly taken as the basis of assessment for rates, and it ought not to be otherwise with regard to the land over which sporting rights are rented. The conclusions of the chairman of the guild seem, in fact, to sum the case up well: "It is competent for any person to obtain a piece of land and erect, say, a factory for making shirts or boots. Although the land is occupied and made use of the material is all imported from elsewhere, and in this case only the premises are rated to Poors Rates, and not the profits of the business, which is rated under Schedule D, and is thus clear of all local rates whatever. We contend that the owner of lettable shootings, in East Anglia, at any rate, generally makes and improves his shooting for the purpose of obtaining a profit, as a manufacturer handles and organises his business, and although he should be, as we have stated, assessed on the natural product of the land, i.e., on partridges, half the value of the ground game, and, say, wild pheasants, he should not be expected to pay Poors Rates on his tame pheasants."

It seems very difficult to dispute the justice of this point of view or the statement of the right method of assessment as here indicated. At the same time, it must strike all who read the discussion that such a nice assessment would be one which the ordinary assessing authorities would find it very difficult to make, even with the best will in the world, so as to do justice to all concerned. The conclusion at which we are more disposed to arrive is that letting or renting the so-called inclusive right is not a very satisfactory way of conducting the transaction. If it be found that it is in fact the most convenient, as between lessor and lessee, it seems that it might in form be divided into two, expressed perhaps in two different deeds, of which the one would be the letting of the land with its "natural" sporting rights, the partridges, half the ground game, and the wild pheasants, according to the very equitable definition

of the chairman of the Game-egg Guild, and the other a covenant on part of the lessor to perform certain acts, with regard to the stocking of the coverts with tame pheasants and so on. The double agreement is thus, in effect, equivalent to the one, as between landlord and tenant, but is put into a form which may easily indicate to the assessor the right line of division between the "furnished" and the "unfurnished" values of the land.

For the rest this annual report bears evidence to the continued usefulness of the guild as a protection against fraud, especially in the selling of pheasants' eggs and the importation of partridges and their eggs from abroad. The number of associated farmers who permit inspection of their pheasant farms in order to ensure the healthy condition of any eggs or pouls supplied to customers is steadily on the increase, while egg stealing seems to be steadily on the decrease in those counties in which the operations of the guild are most active. The report gives a list not only of these associates, but also of those importers of Hungarians whom it is able to recommend. To say the very least that can be said of the value of the guild to owners of shootings, any who go outside these lists for the purchase of their pheasant eggs, or of their Hungarian partridges, are certainly failing to avail themselves of a valuable means of protection against imposition and against being supplied with bad eggs and birds.

We note that it is proposed to rechristen the guild with a wider and really more appropriately designating name as the "Game Guild" instead of the "Game-egg Guild." Its operations are more extensive than the former restrictive title at all indicates.



J. T. Newman.

WILD DUCK AT HOME.

THE SPARROW AS A GAME-BIRD.

THERE is a very proper prejudice against much of the pseudo-sport which is encouraged by "sparrow clubs," perhaps including the shooting of the unfortunate little birds from traps; but in some parts of England, in the winter, sparrow-shooting now and then engages the attention of some to whom no one would deny the name of sportsmen in the best sense of that much-abused word. It is, in fact, very fine sport of its kind—that is to say, a high trial of marksmanship—and it is doing agriculture a good turn, for there can

be no doubt whatever that on a balance of its accounts, giving it all the credit for the insects which it destroys when its young are still in the nest, the common sparrow is more common than is for the good of the farmer. The mode of proceeding is for one or two guns to post themselves in the yards of a farm, or other places of resort most frequented by the sparrows, and after the first few shots the frightened little birds will be flying high and fast. It does not occur to them, apparently, to fly very far away; they keep circling about, and their numbers are so great that there are few moments when one or other is not within shot of one of the guns. The cartridges should be specially lightly loaded, and the shot should be small. The farm hands are generally quite appreciative of sparrow pie, so the bag is not wasted, and the tiny birds, in their devious flight, give a really fine test of the skill of the shooter. I need hardly be said that it is not necessary, because of the small size of the bird, that the ordinary maxims of sportsmanlike humanity should be neglected, and no one would "fire into the brown" of a flock of sparrows any more than he would into a covey of partridges. The result would only be to wound more than were killed, and that is a result which every good sportsman must condemn, although the humble and mischievous sparrow is the victim.

MUSTARD AS COVERT.

As a general rule it is not enough appreciated how good a covert, both for partridges and pheasants, is provided by a field of mustard. The birds seem to like it better than any other; it dries a great deal more quickly than roots, and it is a good covert to get the birds out of, that is to say, is easily beaten. If the owner of a shoot has a field of mustard in his own hands, it is as well to let it stand as long as possible to act as covert for the birds, and if it is not his own he will do well to make the best terms that he can with his tenant to allow it to remain until November. It is almost worth while to plant a field with this crop if only for its value for shooting uses.

THE PHEASANT-KEEPER'S TROUBLES.

We are hearing, as it was only to be expected that we should hear, a great many lamentations from keepers about the difficulty which they are finding in keeping their birds in the coverts in a year like the present, when there are so many acorns and berries to tempt them out along the hedgerows. The hedgerows themselves, too, are so covered with leafage that the wandering birds find resting-places in them, and do not take the trouble to make much effort to get back to their homes. Coverts, moreover, are very dense with leaves, which are hanging longer than usual on the trees, so that shooting is delayed, or, where pressed forward, is conducted in circumstances which make it very hard to show properly a good proportion of the birds which they hold.

RABBITS FLOODED OUT.

The unfortunate rabbits have been passing what must have been a most comfortless time in the early half of November, even for the survivors, and thousands must have been drowned. The actual drowning has taken place principally on some of the low-lying grounds down by the rivers, for, though the rabbits both can swim and do swim a great deal better than most people who have not studied their ways when hard pressed are at all disposed to think, still the floods have been out so extensively that those rabbits which had homes in the flat meadows had a poor chance. Besides this low-living rabbit population, almost every rabbit in a holding soil, where the clay keeps the water, will have found its burrow water-logged. If it is after heavy rain

like this that one has the best possible chance of killing rabbits, finding them out in the open, when they will give good sporting shots as they bolt from the shelter of a tussock in a grassy field. In a light soil the water drains through so quickly that almost as soon as the actual downpour has stopped the rabbits can come back and find their homes quite dry again, but in the clay soils the water lies about for days in the burrows, and it is several days, consequently, before the rabbits regularly resort to them again. In the meantime they prefer to lie out in the best open shelter they can find.

ON THE GREEN.

SANDWICH AS A CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE.

AFIERCE discussion is going forward at the present time, as a good many people in the golfing world are aware, about the fitness of the St. George's course at Sandwich as a championship arena. Into the merits of the course as a test of golf I am not proposing to enter now. To some of us it seems that a course of which the outgoing half is often done in 32 is, in regard to that half, too short, and, in regard to the whole, is rather unequally divided in its length and its difficulty; but both Mr. Hilton and Vardon have testified that in their very important opinion it is as fine a test of the game as the world supplies; and those are pricks against which it is hard for sensitive shins to kick. But let us put all that side of the question apart; let us regard not so much the merits, as the possibility, of the course, in its present setting,

as an arena for the championship. Let us apply to it the telling test of time and of figures—that is to say, of the minutes into which we divide time—and if we do that, we shall find, I am afraid, that it is very hard to fit a championship into the conditions of our present Sandwich.

The hours during which we can start pairs for the championship—I will take the Open Championship, in which only one round a day is played until the field is a good deal winnowed of its chaff, for the St. George's Cup and the Amateur Championship provide much more severe tests—range, at a liberal limit, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. I do not think it is very reasonable to ask players to start either before the former or after the latter hour. These, then, are limits which yield seven hours, or 420 minutes. Within that time, considering the number of entrants for modern championships, we ought to

provide for the starting of not fewer than 100 pairs. That practically means that we shall have to start a pair every four minutes. We have a fraction of a minute to spare, but it is hardly worth considering. Now, if we start these pairs thus, let us see what happens—what is bound to happen—on our present Sandwich course. The first pair starts out all right; it plays the first, second and third holes, and so on. The second pair follows at a 4min. interval. It, too, probably, plays the first and second holes without delay; but when it comes to the third, which can just, with difficulty from the championship tee, be reached by a long driver, it has to wait till the party in front has holed out. We may put the average time for the playing of each hole on the course at 8min., which will bring the players round, if they are not kept waiting, in 2hr. 24min.—not too long to allow for the careful playing of eighteen holes on a championship course. The third hole at Sandwich, though it can just be reached from the tee, is a long short hole—to speak Hibernian—for it is 267yds. in direct line. It is also a hole full of trouble, if the drive be not very perfect, as well as very long; if the drive be pulled at all there is no end to the disaster. It is, further, a hole to which we do not walk as the crow flies, and as the golf ball ought to fly. We walk to the right of the direct line, to avoid the hills, and then branch to the left towards the hole; and the first part of the walk is through heavy sand, which means that we walk slowly. The conclusion of it all is that even if we play the hole perfectly we do not play it very quickly, and if we play it at all imperfectly it is, humanly speaking, impossible to say how long we shall take over it. Let us say—and I do not think we are giving it too long in saying so—that we take 6min. over it. In that case, the party which had started second, at an interval of 4min. after the first, presuming it has played the first and second holes at the same rate as the first party, will still be 4min. behind that first party when the second pair comes to the tee for the third hole. As the first party takes 6min. to play that hole, the second party will have 2min. to wait, the third party will be delayed by that 2min. plus the 2min. over the 4min. interval which the second party will require for the playing of that third hole; and so the delay mounts up, by 2min. for each party started.

All this is the very simplest arithmetic; and though golfers are not, as a rule, very good at arithmetic—some even have a difficulty in counting their score—it ought to be sufficient to explain the fact, which has puzzled so very many, why it is that the delays at Sandwich are so much more grievous than at any other of the championship courses. The others, it has been pointed out, have just as many short holes, and much shorter holes. The last point is emphasised as if it made the longer delays at Sandwich much more difficult to understand. As a matter of fact, it is in itself the very simple explanation of the longer delay. The Short Hole Out at St. Andrews probably takes no more (and probably less) than 4min. for its play by a good pair. It is quite short, quite plain walking, the occasions of trouble and delay are neither many nor severe. But the third hole at Sandwich is a long short hole, full of trouble and slow to walk, and it is a character in which all its short holes in a measure share.

The conclusion of this whole matter, as it affects Sandwich immediately, is that it appears as if we could not make it a course into which the championship could be satisfactorily sandwiched (to perpetrate an atrocious pun), unless its short holes could be made a great deal shorter; and the conclusion as to the fitness of courses in general for competitions for which a great number enter, is that it is not much use starting competitors at a faster rate than is required to play its longest short hole—meaning by short hole any hole which can be reached from the tee, and at which, in consequence, it is necessary for each party to wait till the pair preceding it has holed out. To put it in the reverse way, it is no use, on a course which is to be the arena of these great contests, for its longest hole which can be reached from the tee to take longer in playing than the interval—we have put it at four minutes—at which we find that we are obliged to start our players from the first tee. The Sandwich short holes, to return for a last moment to the front topic of discussion, are too long, too difficult, and take too long in the playing to allow many players to get round the course in a reasonable time. They are longer, more difficult, and take more time to play than the short holes on any of the other championship courses. This is the great cause (the thickness of the grass at the sides of the course occasioning loss of balls is only subsidiary, because parties hunting for lost balls are passed at once by those behind) of the grievous delays at Sandwich, and the delays will not cease till the cause is removed or modified.

BRAID AT ASHDOWN FOREST.

THE champion was disporting himself on the Ashdown Forest course last week. The occasion was a match, a foursome, long arranged between Mr. Bennett and Braid on the one side against Mr. Cecil Burns and Rowe on the other. But Mr. Burns burt his hand motor-driving, and the match had to be put off. Instead, Mr. Hammond partnered Braid in a four-ball match against Mr. Bennett and Rowe. In the morning Rowe had much the upper hand of

Braid and of all of them—Rowe, of course, has the advantage at Ashdown Forest of playing on the green where he is resident—going round in 71, and really playing beautiful golf. In the afternoon the rain had the upper hand of everything. Jupiter Pluvius can do nothing in moderation this year; we have either droughts or deluges.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY AT SUNNINGDALE.

The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society appeared to have a singularly strong team at Sunningdale on Saturday, and yet it was not quite strong enough for the local side. There never was a better fought team match, for the result depended on the last match of all, and the decision of that match was not reached till the eighteenth hole. In point of golfing merit there was not, perhaps, much difference between one end and the other of the respective teams, but certainly it was the reputed tail of the Sunningdale side that wagged the whole animal ahead. In my own match with Mr. Osmund Scott the latter was not at his best, and let me beat him fairly easily, and Mr. Leathart also beat Mr. Denys Scott. Mr. Montmorency was too good for Mr. Lingen, and Mr. Darwin, playing very well, laid out Mr. Colt. These were all victories for us, and at the top of the list Mr. Horace Castle was the only scorer, though a heavy one, for Sunningdale. Nevertheless, the end was as told above—Sunningdale won by a match. The course played very well indeed considering the recent heavy rain. Tees were pushed back far behind their places at the meeting of the Stock Exchange on the same course, recorded last week, and there was little or no travel on the ball after the pitch. Nevertheless, both Mr. Darwin, who should have had a four and a five for the two last holes, but took five and six, and Mr. Castle had fine rounds of 74 and 75 respectively, and there were other rounds under 80. Those who played in the afternoon had less strength of the wind to contend with than the morning players.

A player who, I think, ought to belong (I do not know whether he does—at least he never seems to play for it) to the society is the Rev. J. E. Pease, of a name well known to golf. Great Yarmouth is his usual arena, where he resides and is a scourge to the Cambridge University teams. In two successive recent matches against the University he has beaten Mr. Allen, the Cambridge captain, and Mr. A. G. Barry, the ex-champion

HORACE HUTCHINSON

PLAYERS WITHOUT CADDIES.

FOR some reason which does not exactly "leap to the eyes," the golfer without a caddie is not, as a general rule of golfing law, befriended by his fellow-players. He has provoked endless irritation at every hole in the round on the part of those impetuous spirits who have had the misfortune to suffer the check and the cooling process relentlessly applied by him to their enthusiasm "to get along." His clogging progress to the smooth procession of a match in the broiling sun or in the rude buffets of the wind and the rain has called down upon his head deeper and more heartfelt malediction than any other untoward incident in the heavens above or in the earth beneath that has disturbed the gentle equanimity of the player. The player without a caddie, indeed, is in many quarters looked upon by well-meaning Christian golfers as the Ishmael of the links. No toleration is felt for his economical virtues; no kindly phrases cover his golfing sins as with a benignant garment of mercy. In a popular golfing sense he is looked upon as the inheritor of the imperfections which the Book of Genesis says that his distinguished prototype of the long ago was heir to. "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." And as the son of Hagar, the Egyptian, multiplied exceedingly in the conferring of his qualities upon innumerable descendants, so it seems to be one of the outstanding features of the great spread of modern golf in all sections of the community, that the race of player without a caddie should assert his independence and his prescriptive right to shoulder his own clubs round a crowded green at the expense of the tempers, the straining of a limited but forceful vocabulary of monosyllables, and the complete exhaustion of that spirit of sweet reasonableness which everywhere and on every occasion suffuses as with a halo of phosphorescent light the universal golfing throng.

Is there any particular need why one should attempt to etch the main features in the golfing modern Ishmael? Have we not all gone, many times oftener than we wished, into the Vale of Sorrow in his company? Some of us have explored the same labyrinthine bunkers on and off the course, overlooked by the conscious rectitude of him who, at the moment, is oppressed with no greater care than to stand negligently on the outer brim of the sandy chasm and count with the mechanical precision of a drill instructor the number of fruitless strokes you have expended therein. Can anyone play a decent or tolerable round harnessed to such a companion? You are sure to hear the decisive verdict given—generally by the player himself—about the indescribable miseries of that ill-assorted match wherein one of the players carries his own clubs, has to drop them and retrieve them at every shot, when he gets into the toughest bunch of heather off the course, and has no compunctionous delicacy in asking for the help of your caddie as well as yourself to find a dirty and usually battered ball. Commentary on such a form of wild joy is best left unuttered; silence calls loudly for the dropping of a discreet curtain upon the spontaneous raciness of the general narrative; and a feeling to appear solemn and sympathetic usually ends in uproarious laughter. But you glean enough

from the tale to know that this particular golf match, at any rate, scarcely went "merry as a marriage bell." If it is a sorrow whose sweets taste bitter in the mouth to have one player without a caddie, can any ordinarily constituted golfer view with equanimity of spirit half-a-dozen couples ahead of him each and all carrying their own clubs? You stand on a tee on the brow of a hill leading to a short hole down in the valley. The hole is short, but the green being well guarded it is difficult to play with alacrity. Two carriers of their own clubs have just left the tee. One of them has pulled his ball among cart-ruts and heather; the other has sliced in a spirit of fair impartiality into the heather, stones and sand on the right. There is a preliminary hunt for each ball, and just as you are about to sound an impatient shout of "Fore" each ball, by a miracle, has been found. The clubs are dropped, the balls are flogged out in three or four shots, and before the hole is reached a visit is paid by each player to one or more bunkers guarding the green. Meanwhile, you turn your back and discuss Socialism, Free Trade, or whether the function of musical comedy, with a bevy of sweet chorus girls, is an educative influence in improving the standard of public taste in amusement. By the time that you and your partner have got near the putting green of that argument, it is time to look around and see how the Ishmaelites are faring beyond. Their clubs are seen to be scattered promiscuously over the putting green, and one of the players is seizing a chance of the opponent's blind eye or his indifference to putt at the hole with the flag in it. And what lies beyond in the distance? The same tale of scattered clubs, a stately and methodical hunt for a lost ball, a leisurely promenade to the green, an angry but voluble congestion of players behind.

If municipal golf ever dawns upon the twentieth century as a settled policy of our statesmen in the county councils, the caddie question will find its own speedy solution. The caddie will find his occupation gone, and then he may realise that if bread is to be eaten with relish, and beer drunk with the smack of one who has justly earned it, he will have to turn a hand that has long lost its cunning to the soldering of gas-pipes or the painting of house-fronts. It is, as a general rule, on the public courses that the player carrying his own clubs is most in evidence—at greens like St. Andrews, North Berwick, Gullane, Troon and the Brae Hills. From such a player's point of view, however, there is something to be said in justification of his plea of defence. For the most part they are young lads not too lavishly blessed with the world's gear; and they say to angry complainers, "I love the game intensely, but I cannot afford a caddie; I won't ask my father or my mother to stint their wants by increasing my pocket money; and so I ask the pardon of all more-favoured golfers if I unwittingly hinder their game a little." Who among us can refrain from feeling just a little soft-hearted at the necessities of youth? On a private course, under complete control of the members, the case is different. A bye-law can always be enforced giving the right of players with caddies to pass those without caddies, on the cogent ground that it is in the general interest that play should not be congested. Such a rule is precautionary merely of the general convenience, not the undue assertion of arrogant pride and wealth. One would like to hear, however, the Parliament of caddedom debating both sides of the question. That they would deem themselves to be as indispensable to the proper enjoyment of the game as the ball itself might easily be accepted as the ultimate conclusion of their deliberations. On one occasion an old Scottish caddie had marked with great disfavour the innovation of the club carrier in the form of a wooden tripod. His old heart had long been steeped in bitterness against all gentlemen who carried their own clubs, and when a player with a "wooden caddie" asked this old veteran of the links carrying a bag of clubs for his opponent to stand at the hole, he received fair and square the bitter gibe, "Send yer ain caddie, sir."

A. J. ROBERTSON.

COMMON OR CEMETERY?

A QUESTION of great importance to the future of common land will very shortly come before the Board of Agriculture. Application has been made to the Board for its consent to the enclosure and appropriation of three acres of Witley Common, in the neighbourhood of Godalming, for the purposes of a supplementary burial-ground for the ecclesiastical parish of Milford. Witley Common is better known in fact than by name. Motorists will remember that soon after Godalming is passed there is a fork in the road. The right-hand branch is the direct Portsmouth Road, passing over the summit of Hindhead; that to the left leads to Haslemere, Midhurst and Chichester. Both roads immediately enter upon a wide, open common covered with gorse and heather, and broken by sandy tracks, light touches of sand and gravel and clumps of fir. The site of the proposed burial-ground is on the right-hand side of the Haslemere Road, on the slope of a hill, facing southwards, and immediately adjoining a very old enclosure used for allotment gardens. It is in such a position that the stone

walls and railings, trim shrubs and white crosses of a cemetery will attract notice not only from the road on which the ground will front, but from the Portsmouth Road; and the sense of rest and freedom which descends upon the spirit when one leaves houses and enclosures and comes out on a wide stretch of open land will be sadly marred.

But much more is involved in the application to the Board of Agriculture than the effect on the particular common threatened. If the Board consents to the enclosure, a most evil precedent will have been set. The jurisdiction of the Board arises in this way. Under the old statutes passed in the time of Henry III. and Edward I., a lord of a manor claimed the right to make enclosures, or, to use the technical term, appurtelements on his common, provided he left sufficient pasture for the commoners. Much costly litigation took place over these statutes, and it was found, time after time, that enclosures thought to be within their provisions were in reality illegal. At length, therefore, Parliament, at the instance of the famous Preservation Society, passed an Act declaring that henceforth an enclosure under the old statutes should not be held lawful, unless made with the consent of the Board of Agriculture; and they further provided that the Board should not consent, unless they were convinced that the enclosure was for the benefit of the public. It is under this Act that application is made to the Board, and the question which Lord Carrington and his advisers have to decide is, whether it is for the public benefit that three acres of a common on the threshold of what is practically a suburb of London should be converted into a burial-ground.

It is only necessary to notice the broad fact that there is at present abundance of unoccupied land in the parish of Milford. It is, therefore, merely a question of money. Enclosed land suitable for a burial-ground can be had, but it must be paid for. The lord of the manor offers a piece of common for a nominal sum. But if commons are to be used as cemeteries, merely because they can be had cheaply, there is quite as strong a case for their use for many other public purposes. Burial-grounds are a sad necessity; but they are not more valuable to the public than schools, churches, parsonage-house, reservoirs and waterworks, sewage tanks and irrigation works, and half-a-dozen other accompaniments of a growing population. If, merely to make a small saving on the rates, commons are to be used for any public work of admitted benefit to the community, there will soon be no open spaces worth speaking of in the neighbourhood of towns, and the country will lose its only free recreation grounds.

There is another consideration. The consent of the Board of Agriculture does not make the enclosure a good one, although the enclosure would be bad without it. The commoners are still at liberty to abate the enclosure on the ground that they have not sufficient common left. Now the manor of Witley is a large manor, with a very large body of commoners; and the chances are that their rights cannot be satisfied with less than the whole common. We can hardly imagine that the Board of Agriculture will take a step which might lead to an illegal enclosure or to litigation, while giving direct encouragement to all short-sighted public authorities to tamper with common land.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MAKING SKELETON LEAVES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I want to make a collection of skeleton leaves, and shall be much obliged if you can tell me how to get the green off and leave the veins.—G. L.

[Skeleton leaves are found naturally in damp places, and are occasioned by rain-water soaking and gradually rotting off the epidermis and leaving the fibrous skeleton, which resists decay for a long time. To prepare them artificially the same process should be followed. Place the leaves in a flat dish or plate, cover them with rain-water, and let them remain until the skin begins to decay, when it can be picked off, leaving the woody skeleton. It is a long and somewhat tedious process, but it can be hastened by using warm water or keeping the dish continually in a warm place. Care must be taken that the leaves are always covered with water. Another method is to use boiling alkali instead of rain-water, which materially shortens the process. After the skin has been removed the fibrous skeleton should be bleached in a solution of chloride of lime and laid between sheets of blotting-paper.—ED.]

DESTROYING WASP AND HORNETS' NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you can tell me of some way of destroying wasp and hornets' nests. I believe some new preparation has been lately discovered. The nests are generally in the walls or roof, and, therefore, could be smoked out in the old-fashioned way. During the fruit months here the hornets are a pest, and our house swarmed with them.—A. P. S. (MAJOR), Quetta.

[The simplest way is to soak some cotton-wool in liquid sulphate of potassium, which may be obtained from the chemist. Push the saturated wool into the holes at night. This will stupefy the pests, and render them harmless for the time, when the nests may be removed and destroyed without risk. It is a deadly poison, and care must be taken in handling it, using

thick gloves for the purpose. If the nests cannot be taken, two or three applications must be given to be effective, and the wool pushed well into the hole. Another way is to burn flowers of sulphur in a sealed vessel, using a long funnel, which must be placed in the hole at night, with the result that the pests will be suffocated by the fumes. In this country the usual practice is to give the local labourers from 3d. to 6d. for destroying a nest. Hundreds are destroyed in this way in a limited area yearly, the best way of all to prevent their increase is to destroy the queen wasps between February and May. Every queen that is destroyed means at least the prevention of two nests being built in the course of the summer. The sum given for the destruction of these queens within the time specified is from 9d. to 1s. in this country.—ED.]

GREAT FRIENDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a somewhat unique couple. The red deer, which may be seen by the side of the cow, jumped over the fence which enclosed the field in which the cow was. This occurred when the red deer was comparatively young; since then it has stayed with the cow and become quite tame. The scene of the photograph is in Scotland, in Sutherland. I hope this photograph may be of some use to you to insert in your paper.—R. B. HOLLAND.



pear tree in equally profuse flower, and there are several apple trees sprinkled with blossom, so that one wonders whether this is autumn or spring.—CHARLES A. CLOSE, Limpstield, Surrey.

LONDON VISITORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—On taking my usual morning walk at 7.30 a.m. on Thursday in all the rain, etc., I noticed a female wild duck, and watched it for some time on my way back from Waterloo Bridge to the Temple swimming down with the tide, and not far out. She raised herself a little once and shook her wings; and at other times, not appreciating my close attention, dived two or three times. I have never seen a wild duck between Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridges at any other time.—P. CLEMENTI-SMITH.

HOUNDS AND THEIR WORK.

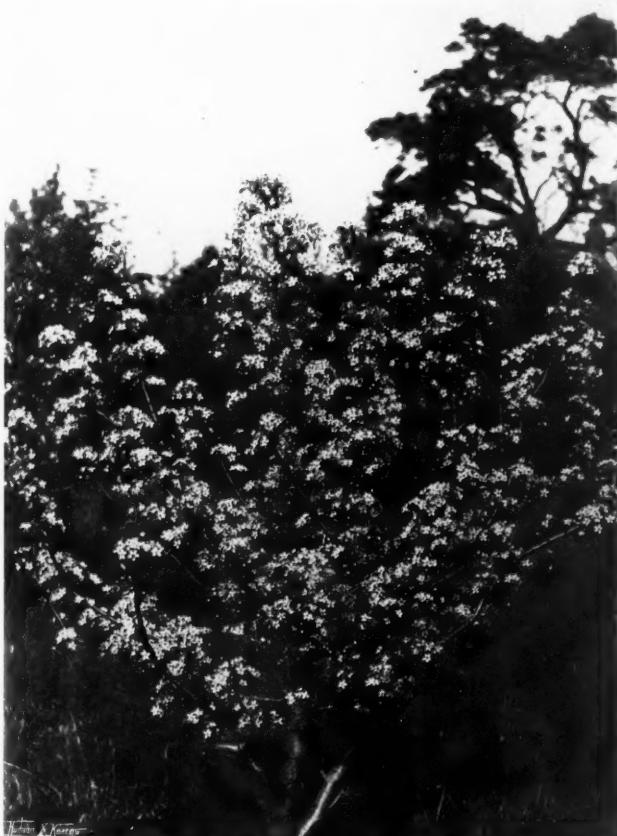
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I have been much interested in your hunting correspondent's remarks on the independence and hunting qualities of the Cattistock pack. I believe Mr. Milne never sends a whip back if any hounds are missing, and the result, as I have repeatedly seen, is that after hunting the covert for perhaps ten minutes or more the delinquents come out, set off in the right direction (though not on the line of the others), and speedily catch the rest up. How they find them is a mystery to me, unless by ear. They don't seem to use their noses then. By the way, a most wonderful feat of hunting is reported of the Ullswater foxhounds. A fox took to the top of a dyke, and ran it for a considerable distance. Hounds kept to his line, one actually running it along the wall top, while others of the pack jumped on and off. They thoroughly deserved the kill with which the run ended.—ROWDEN BRIDGE.

OCTOBER BLOSSOMING OF PEAR TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I am sending you by this post a photograph of a pear tree (Duchesse d'Angoulême) in full flower in my orchard on October 15th. There is another



BUTTER ADULTERATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In the account of the address of Dr. Crichton Browne at the University College, given in your number for October 3rd, there are some remarks which call for correction. As one who sends large quantities of finest pure butter to England, and therefore knows something about the article, I consider his statement that "not one consumer in ten ever got pure butter," to be a great exaggeration. There is scarcely any article of food the sale of which is so stringently looked after, both by food inspectors and trade associations, so that, except from very second-rate salesmen, a person is sure of being supplied with the genuine article. He also states that "the educated palate ought to be able to detect at once the signs of adulteration." This is strangely inconsistent with his remarks a few lines before. The safest way to ensure getting the genuine article is to deal with first-class reliable suppliers.—ERNEST H. BENNIS.

[Our correspondent will find the best reply to his remarks in Mr. Lloyd's analysis, which we publish this week. We hope to include Irish butter in a future analysis.—ED.]

MY PET MOLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—One day recently while fishing I noticed a very small molehill, which when it caught my eye next time seemed to have increased considerably. This aroused my curiosity, and I left my rod and walked quietly up to it. After a short time a quantity of earth was shovelled out, and so I quickly scraped away the loose earth and found the hole. I discovered that the tunnel was close to the surface, and so had no difficulty in following it. After I had traced it about 6ft. it suddenly stopped, and I could see no signs of any mole. I soon found, however, a branch passage, and continued my excavations until I noticed movements in the soil, and caught sight of some black fur, which immediately commenced to disappear in a downward direction. I had some difficulty to dig it out, and when I at last caught it, it gave me a series of scratches with its powerful fore paws, causing me to release it, when it ran along the ground prodding the soil as it went, in its endeavours to find a soft enough place to commence burrowing. I soon caught it again and imprisoned it in my bait can. It seemed to resent being handled, and uttered a peculiar hissing noise. I carried it home and placed a large box half full of earth at its disposal. On being placed in its new home it immediately burrowed out of sight, and after I had caught it a quantity of worms I left it. Next morning when I went to see it, it was on the top of the earth, and had honeycombed the soil out in its search for worms. It seemed very hungry, so I gave it a piece of raw meat which it at once started to eat, placing its large fore paws on the flesh and tearing off pieces with its teeth. It soon left the meat and burrowed into a hole close to it, but very shortly reappeared again, caught hold of the meat and dragged it down the burrow. After a time I dug it up and placed it in a tin together with some worms, which it at once started to eat, placing its fore paws one on each end of the worm, and commencing to eat it from the middle. I particularly noticed that it always held the worms down with its fore paws while eating. It had a most ravenous appetite, consuming once, in the space of twenty-four hours, a mouse, a large piece of raw meat and about fifty large dew-worms. I noticed that it always came to the top of the soil when very hungry, for then it would eat ravenously, while at other times it would not eat in public. Its senses seemed very acute, for when a dog came near to its box when it was on the top it would immediately burrow underneath at a great rate, and when I placed it in a tin and put my hand anywhere near it, it usually came and smelt it directly, never attempting to bite; even when handled it only tried to force away my hand with its fore paws. When the earth in its box was loose it burrowed at a tremendous pace, forcing back the loose earth with its hind legs; when I packed the earth tightly down it would run about the box poking its long snout into the ground as it went until it found a soft enough place, when it would immediately start burrowing. Its eyes were very small, and it seemed only able to distinguish between light and dark. It disliked sunshine, and never cared to come up of its own accord when the sun was out, which made it very difficult to photograph, as its movements were so rapid that a quick snapshot was absolutely necessary, and it only showed itself in dull weather. Its front paws were possessed of tremendous strength, while its hind legs were comparatively weak. It seemed to be quite healthy as long as I had it, some three weeks or so, and it took a great deal of exercise honeycombing the earth in its box with tunnels in a very short time. I eventually let it go, as I could not continue to spend an hour or so every night in search of dew-worms upon which it

almost entirely existed. I put him down in a field, and he ran along, digging his snout into the ground as he went, but he could not find a soft enough place in which to start burrowing; so I settled the question by taking up a sod and placing him on the exposed earth, when he very soon began to burrow. Most people seem to pity the mole and look upon it as a miserable mammal, because it spends its life burrowing underground after worms and grubs, but they forget that its body is in every way admirably adapted to this mode of life. Its tapering snout and enormous front paws for burrowing, and its comparatively weak hind legs, with which to push away the loose soil it has scratched out, are all most beautifully gifted for this sort of subterranean existence. Some photographs, taken by my friend Mr. Oxley Graham, caught my mole standing on his hind legs looking over the side of his box, and also a back view of him disappearing in the soil. It was specially noticed that he then carried his tail erect; when tunnelling under-ground the tail was always carried laid flat along the surface of the back, and I do not know that this particular point has ever been noticed or pointed out before. Why this should be I do not know, unless the short stiff tail when carried in this manner acts as a sort of *point d'appui*, from which the mole can take a sort of "kick off" as it were from the soil behind when busily engaged in front with his fore paws.—E. W. TAYLOR.

SOME SPORING RELICS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In country places, especially where fighting during the Civil War-time took place, it is quite possible to happen on one of those portly narrow-necked leather bottles with screw tops, used by both sides alike for the storage of their reserve powder. Bottles of this description formed part of the equipment of Cromwell's famous farm waggons, which each carried in the smallest imaginable space what was required for the main chance of a fair-sized body of men in the field: A few cheeses for use at a pinch—meat may not always have been forthcoming, but village ovens could be counted on for as much bread as was wanted—powder and bullets, some

sparce matchlocks, lengths of match and priming powder—possibly some few medical comforts and appliances—and so the problem was solved. Commissar at column, ammunition train, medical stores and ambulance for quite a little lot of first-class fighting men on four wheels! The "leather bottle," no doubt, served its special military purpose as satisfactorily as those others enumerated in the old song, and justified its existence by helping the musketeers to keep their powder dry. In later times it was adopted for sporting purposes, smaller in size, but still furnished with



PEWTER POWDER FLASK.

the screw top, which, for greater safety and as a guard against pilfering, was provided with a hasp fitting over a staple projecting from the bottle neck, which carried a padlock, as showed in one of the accompanying illustrations. Then the strap handle, and the services of an odd lad, assured the gunner of a refilled flask for the afternoon's shooting. At a guess, the specimen illustrated may date back about a century and be associated with ramrods, shot belts, long-buttoned gaiters, and similar antiquated contrivances. Another picture shows an older form of powder holder, which is quite delightful as a link with the flintlock period. It is just a flat pewter flask, still with the screw top, and even now half full of caked powder. Its shape suggests that it would have lain snugly in a corner of one of the capacious pockets which, according to contemporary sporting prints, the shooting coats of the Georgian time were provided with. It was picked up in Canterbury, while from much the same locality came the wide-mouthed clay jar of which the third illustration indicates the form and appearance. This was obtained from a very old man, once upon a time a keeper, who had had it by him since his younger days, together with a spring gun, a man-trap, and a few other little matters connected with his old calling. He styled it a pigeon jar and explained how, in pre-spring trap days, it took their place at pigeon-shooting matches. It appears that, the pigeon having been introduced, a heavyish cover was laid on the mouth of the jar, and this, by means of a cord attached to it, could be jerked off. What the pigeons did then must be a matter of conjecture; but most likely



LEATHER BOTTLE.

some did one thing and some another, and so the duration of the interval of suspense varied.—A. P. BILLSON.

THE PIED WAGTAIL.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Noticing a letter with this heading in your issue of October 27th, I beg to inform the writer that we had a pair of fine pied wagtails, with white foreheads, faces and throats on our lawn for several days in the latter part of September. We frequently have the common wagtail, but I had never seen a pied wagtail here before. The head was so marked that it reminded me of a miniature owl—(MRS.) L. JARROLD, Norwich.

RETRIEVER AND DROWNED PUPPIES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a young retriever, gentle, well bred, handsome, claiming as her respective grandfathers Black Drake and Wimpole Peter. Her kindly disposition has won her much popularity, and she is loved by the family cat, the green Amazon parrot and the village children. A few days ago some poor little superfluous Aberdeen puppies had to be drowned. But when the man went to fetch the little bodies to give them decent burial, two had mysteriously vanished from the pail in which they had found a watery grave. For a long time he searched in vain, much puzzled at the unaccountable disappearance, until a servant volunteered the information that "Maggie had two little dogs in her bed." And here he found them, two little corpses, licked clean and dry and gently laid side by side on the straw. She had fished them out of the pail, carried them there, and apparently done all she could to revive them. She has never had any puppies of her own, so this seems a curious instance of maternal instinct.—M. D.

THE TIMIDITY OF THE COUNTRY PEOPLE.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A friend of mine has just been relating to me a story, or, rather, a fragment of conversation with one of the poor people, which is, I think, interesting from the light it throws upon their way of looking at certain things—illustrating a point of view singularly different from our own. The scene was a very rural part of Sussex, where my friend was visiting an old cottager. The old lady who owned the cottage complained of her nephew, who lived with her, coming home very late one night, but she justified the nephew by saying that he had to wait for a man who was also there to bring him home. "But," my friend naturally asked, "why did he not come home by himself?" The old woman's astonishment was great. "What!" she exclaimed. "A boy like that to come home all that way at night alone!" The boy, it is to be observed, was a youth just turned seventeen. The road was lonely in part, in part went beneath dark trees, and for about a mile of its way—but that was in an open section—it did not immediately pass a house; but at no point of the walk would the youth have been more than a quarter of a mile distant from some off-lying house or cottage. My friend, whose knowledge of boys was based on experience of the ordinary public schoolboy, could hardly believe at first that the old woman was not joking, but it at once became apparent that no one could be more serious. Evidently, from her point of view, such a walk on a fine night for a youth of seventeen was unthinkable, impossible. It would be very interesting to know whether this very remarkable point of view is common among the poor people in England, or whether it is local, and if it is common, it would be further interesting to know what it is that a youth of this age would be afraid of, taking a walk of this kind by himself—whether ghosts, robbers (he would not carry anything of value), wild beasts, or what? The circumstances are, of course, quite trivial, but they seem to throw a light on a very singular mental condition of the poor people in the country in this particular connection, and it would be interesting to know whether it is a point of view which is common among them. Among your many country readers there must surely be some who could tell us.—H.



PIGEON JAR.